March 1918 THE Twenty Cents

RED CROSS

MAR 21 1918
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enry Morgenthau—"The Greatest Horror in Hi
Private Peat—"Crusaders of To-Day"

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For DAYLO is always dependable. It is strongly constructed and fitted with the Eveready TUNGSTEN battery—the only battery that is long-lived, economical and really reliable.

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Here is Eveready DAYLO, No. 2637, an intensely powerful lamp of the searchlight type remarkable for its small current consumption.

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The Memorial Windows

in the National Headquarters at Washington

(See page 35)

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THE LEFT PANEL

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THE CENTRE PANEL

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THE RIGHT PANEL

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Western Edition

THE
RED CROSS
MAGAZINE

A Volunteer Army, Twenty-two Million Strong

ON JANUARY 1st, 1918, after the Christmas drive the total membership of the Red Cross was 22,000,000.

It is difficult to realize what these figures mean. This is nearly ten times as many people as there were in all the Colonies when the Revolution broke out. It is equal to the entire population of the United States in 1850, when the country, if we except Alaska, was as large as now.

Standing side by side on our borders, the Red Cross members would form an unbroken line around the whole United States. Four abreast and in close array this army would stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Hereafter, the thirteen red and white stripes on the flag might well be related in our minds not only with the thirteen colonies that united to make this great nation but also with the thirteen home divisions of the American Red Cross that in this Christmas drive raised in a week, an army of 16,000,000 men, women and children, banded together for unselfish helpfulness.

It was a week of enthusiasm, energy, and devotion on the part of the recruiting body. The telegrams that came pouring into Washington from divisions and chapters, from officials and laymen, fairly throbbed with zeal, confidence, and power. The quotas designated for counties, towns, chapters and divisions were surpassed in almost every case. We asked for 10,000,000—we have added not less than 16,000,000.

A few lines from a few telegrams are given as bare hints of the wonderful organization, its work and its spirit.

On December 22nd, Chicago wired:

"Central Division has voluntarily raised its quota of new members from the assigned quota of 1,190,000 to 1,500,000 and we fully expect to enroll 2,000,000."

This Division on December 29th had reached 2,750,000.

On December 23rd, St. Louis wired concerning the Southwest Division:

"Based on incomplete returns, I estimate that we have to-night 2,250,000 Christmas members."

On December 31st, reports indicated 3,250,000.

On December 23rd, Cleveland wired:

"Membership to-day, Lake Division approximately 2,000,000."

It reached two and a quarter million.

The cities and towns were aroused and working. Minneapolis wired:

"Held intensive four-hour campaign Sunday. Every home canvassed. Have recorded 58,033 and still more to check."

From Danville, Ill.:

"Danville with 35,000 population produced 8,000 during nine days' campaign. Regular solicitation not needed. They came voluntarily through shops, factories, and distributed booths."

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From Portland, Ore.:

"In spite full week storm, bridges washed out, many counties deluged, country campaigners have worked on foot and horseback until Oregon to-night (Dec. 22) outside of Portland, has enrolled over 100,000 members, making total Oregon 140,000 or one in five of entire population."

From Omaha, Nebr.:

December 26th: "Douglas county in which Omaha is located has secured 76,000 Christmas members, probably be increased by Saturday. This means forty per cent. of our people. This average over the country would mean 40,000,000 members."

Among the bits that lightened the whirring array of figures and comparisons that fairly sizzled in these telegrams, came in the early days of the great drive a wire from Cleveland:

"Lake Division claims the youngest member in the world. George Merritt McVeigh of McConnellsville, Ohio, became member when less than one hour old, and not a Junior Member either. We are getting them all."

And by contrast this touching sentence in a long telegram from Southwestern headquarters at St. Louis:

"Inmates of State penitentiary in Oklahoma solicited and seventy-five per cent. membership secured."

The "100 per cent." phrase appears time and again in these telegraphic reports. This means that in the case of schools, colleges, or towns every living person without exception is enrolled. From Vincennes, Ind.:

"Twenty city blocks reported membership of 100 per cent. Some record!"

"One county in Kansas enrolled every farmer in the county."

"In Bentonville, Ark., every home in town, with no exception, has a service flag in the window."

"I believe Sioux City high school, 1,400 strong, has the distinction of being the first to get 100 per cent. for the Red Cross."

But many other high schools made the same report.

This is from an old Illinois college, on the steps of which Lincoln debated with Douglass:

"Historic Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., the first college to report 100 per cent. enrollment—every student, every employee, over 500 in number."

It is impossible even to name the towns mentioned in the flood of telegrams that enrolled every man, woman, and child.

The Red Cross invaded the Indian reservations. Only the day before this was written:

"One hundred eleven full-blooded Apache Indians walked into the Red Cross Auxiliary at Rice and their leader handed in $222 in bills to the Secretary. 'We want to join the Red Cross,' said Arthur Jones, a Carlisle alumnus, whose Indian name is Flying Fox. 'We are the first contingent, 200 more will be in during the week.'"

> LESS than sixty years ago on the bloody field of Solferino, there were sown in the soul of Henri Dunant the humane seeds from which grew the wonderful conception of a world-wide Red Cross. We trust that his spirit may look down on our land and rejoice at this latest and greatest result of his immortal vision.

And as a final stirring hint to the imagination, we quote the laconic expression that came through Seattle from far spread but sparsely settled Alaska:

"Alaska will give sixty per cent. of her population."

There is not one of this mass of despatches that has not human interest and rich significance. They indicate that practically the whole American people, irrespective of language, class, trade, profession, or income has answered the call spontaneously and enthusiastically. There never was such a volunteer army raised in the history of the world. This is truly universal service.

In this enlistment we are pledged to save lives, to restore homes, to succour the bereaved and helpless; and, more, to preserve the noble spiritual by-products which war releases in soldiers and civilians alike as the great counterbalancing factor to its barbarities and losses.

This Christmas drive has stamped the Red Cross emblem on every heart. We have established an irrevocable heritage for our children and their children. The youth of the country can henceforth never get from their minds the Red Cross and its meaning.

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WHATEVER else you may do, do not fail to read this account of the extermination of a Christian race by the Turks. Coming as it does from an authoritative source, we consider it one of the most striking and authentic documents of the war as well as a clear exposition of Germany's guilt in the bloody affair.—THE EDITORS.

The Greatest Horror in History

By Henry Morgenthau

(Formerly United States Ambassador to Turkey)

FEW nations have suffered as much as Armenia. So terrible and continuous have been the atrocities to which it has fallen victim that the very name of Armenia has, to most of us, become synonymous with martyrdom. Its sufferings during the present catastrophe have been greater than any known in the history of the world. None of the fearful horrors perpetrated in the various zones of the war can compare with the tragic lot of the Armenians. It is my purpose to outline in this article the nature of the Armenian Question and to briefly state the reasons for which the present Turkish Government sought to annihilate these peace-loving, industrious, harmless and intelligent people, and the methods resorted to by the authorities for extermination.

EX-AMBASSADOR HENRY MORGENTHAU was at his post in Constantinople when the Great War broke out. So he had an unusual opportunity of viewing the operation of the grandiose scheme by which Germany planned to dominate the world. Just as the first German military onslaught was against Paris, so her first great political intrigue centered on the Bosphorus. In the accompanying article Mr. Morgenthau tells, for the first time, his story of the Armenian horror—the greatest single massacre in the history of the world—which Germany could, but would not, prevent. It is of peculiar interest that Mr. Morgenthau, a Jew born in Germany, was, as American Ambassador, the chief protector of the Christians in Turkey. Mr. Morgenthau holds that the destruction of the military power of Germany and the expulsion of the Turks from Europe are essential to the progress of civilization.—THE EDITORS.

Though deprived of their political independence, the Armenians have never been assimilated by their conquerors, the Turks. They have tenaciously clung to their racial traditions, religion, language and ideals. Their early history—embracing periods contemporaneous with the ancient Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Parthians, is still a source of pride to them, and their religion—Christianity—is and has been the great moral force sustaining and inspiring them against the attacks of the many hordes that have emerged from central Asia and passed through their territory on their way to Europe.

The successful revolution of the Young Turks in 1908, which resulted in the deposition of Sultan Abdul Hamid, was hailed by all the world as the dawn of a new era for Turkey. Everyone was delighted at the substitution of a modern, progressive government in place of the much detested, tyrannous rule of Abdul Hamid. The greatest rejoicings were amongst the Armenians. They promptly offered their assistance to the new Party, which promised equal rights to all citizens under a constitutional government. I have not the space here to elaborate on the fact that the performance of the Government was a terrible disappointment after everyone's expectations had been so great. The Massacres at Adana in 1909, and the rapid development of the domineering and chauvinistic attitude of the

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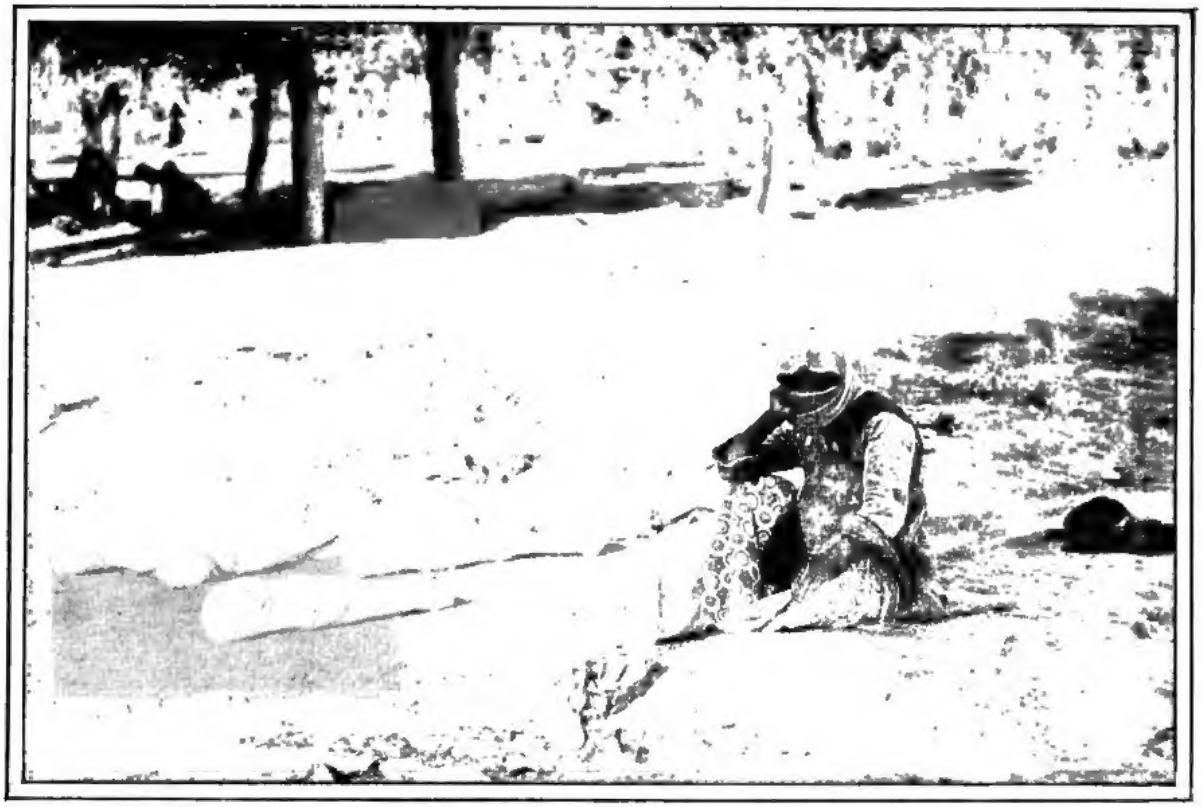

DESPAIR

A mother, one of thousands deported by the Turks, surrounded by the bodies of her five sons massacred by the Turks

STARVING CHILDREN

During the wholesale deportation of the Armenians by the Turks, children were thrown into the rivers or sold by their mothers to strangers to save them from starvation

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Young Turks soon dispelled all the illusions of the Armenians and convinced them that the old relations of conquering and conquered races would continue. The long hoped for equality and liberty failed to materialize. The treatment of the Armenians became so intolerable in 1913 that they appealed to the European Governments for relief. After months of negotiation an arrangement was consummated whereby the Sublime Porte permitted the appointment of two European Inspectors who were to have supervisory powers in the six Armenian vilayets. Messrs. Hoff and Westeneng, the former a Swede and the latter a Hollander, were appointed. They came to Constantinople for instructions and had not yet been fully installed when the European War broke out and the Turkish Government promptly revoked their authority and asked them to leave the country.

The months of August, September and October, 1914, while Turkey was still neutral, proved to be a time which marked great turning points in the history of Turkey. The Turks promptly mobilized, abrogated the capitulatory rights of the foreign subjects, abolished all foreign post-offices, increased their customs duties, and in every other way took advantage of the fact that the Great Powers were at war with each other. Their success in preventing the Allies from piercing the Dardanelles made them feel like conquerors and awakened in them the hope that they would again become a world power.

THE WAR A LONG SOUGHT OPPORTUNITY

The conditions of the war gave to the Turkish Government its longed-for opportunity to lay hold of the Armenians. At the very beginning they sent for some of the Armenian leaders and notified them that if any Armenians should render the slightest assistance to the Russians when they invaded Turkey, they would not stop to investigate but punish the entire race for it. During the spring of 1914 they evolved their plan to destroy the Armenian race. They criticized their ancestors for neglecting to destroy or convert the Christian races to Mohammedanism at the time when they first subjugated them. Now, as four of the Great Powers were at war with them and the two others were their allies, they thought the time opportune to make good the oversight of their ancestors in the 15th century. They concluded that, once they had carried out their plan, the Great Powers would find themselves before an accomplished fact and that their crime would be condoned, as was done in the case of the massacres of 1895-96, when the Great Powers did not even reprimand the Sultan.

They had drafted the able-bodied Armenians into the army without, however, giving them arms; they used them simply to build roads or do similar menial work. Then, under pretext of searching the houses for arms, they pillaged the belongings of the villagers. They requisitioned for the use of their army all that they could get from the Armenians, without paying for it. They asked them to make exorbitant contributions for the benefit of the National Defense Committee.

DIABOLICAL CRUELTIES

The final and worst measure used against the Armenians was the wholesale deportation of the entire population from their homes and their exile to the desert, with all the accompanying horrors on the way. No means were provided for their transportation or nourishment. The victims, which included educated men and women of standing, had to walk on foot, exposed to the attacks of bands of criminals especially organized for that purpose. Homes were literally uprooted; families were separated; men killed, women and girls violated daily on the way or taken to harems. Children were thrown into the rivers or sold to strangers by their mothers to save them from starvation. *The facts contained in the reports received at the Embassy from absolutely trustworthy eyewitnesses surpass the most beastly and diabolical cruelties ever before perpetrated or imagined in the history of the world.* The Turkish authorities had stopped all communication between the provinces and the capital in the naïve belief that they could consummate this crime of the ages before the outside world could hear of it. But the information filtered through the Consuls, missionaries, foreign travellers and even Turks. We soon learned that orders had been issued to the governors of the provinces to send into exile the entire Armenian population in their jurisdiction, irrespective of age and sex. The local officers, with a few exceptions, carried out literally those instructions. All the able-bodied men had either been drafted into the army or disarmed. The remaining people, old men, women and children, were subjected to the most cruel and outrageous treatment.

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MEMBERS OF THE RED CROSS AND THEIR LITTLE CHARGES

The massacre of the Armenians, judged by the numbers involved and the methods used, was the greatest single horror ever perpetrated in the history of humanity

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REFUGEES

Prior to the deportation, the men were tied together and shot. The women and children were either burned alive or thrown into the river

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I took occasion, in order that the facts might be accurately recorded, to have careful records kept of the statements which were made to me by eyewitnesses of the massacres. These statements included the reports of refugees of all sorts, of Christian missionaries, and of other witnesses. Taken together they form an account of certain phases of the great massacre which cannot be questioned and which condemns the brutal assassinators of this race before all the world. Much of the material which I collected has already been published in the excellent volume of documentary material collected by Viscount Bryce. I have space here to quote from only one document. Strange to say this report was made to me by a German missionary. The statement was made to me personally and put in writing at the Embassy.

We often did not know where to hide ourselves. From all sides, neighbors were able to shoot into our windows; during the nights, it was still worse. The sick nurse and myself lay on the floor in order to avoid the shots. The walls of the orphanage were broken through by cannon shots. I was obliged to leave the orphans all alone. There came an order from the Government that we were to hand over to them all our people in the house, big or small. All my requests and petitions were in vain; they assured us on their word of honor that they would be provided with comforts and sent to Ourfa. I then went to appeal to the Mutessarif. He stood, as First Commander, by the side of a cannon. He would not even listen to me; he had become a perfect monster. When I pleaded with him to at least spare the children, he replied: "You cannot expect the Armenian children to remain alone with the Mohammedans; they must leave with their nation." We were allowed only to retain three girls as servants.

It was that very afternoon that I received the first terrible reports, but I did not fully believe them. A few millers and bakers, whose services were needed by the Government, had remained and they received the news first. The men had all been tied together and shot outside of the town. The women and children were taken to the neighboring villages, placed in houses by the hundred, and either burned alive or thrown into the river. (Our buildings being in the main quarter of the town we could receive the news quite promptly.) Furthermore, one could see women and children pass by with blood streaming down, weeping. . . . Who can describe such pictures? Add to all this the sight of burning houses and the smell of many burning corpses.

Within a week everything was nearly over. The officers boasted now of their bravery, that they had succeeded in exterminating the whole Armenian race. Three weeks later when we left Mush, the villages were still burning. Nothing that belonged to the Armenians, either in the city or the villages, was allowed to remain.

In Mush alone there were 25,000 Armenians; besides, Mush had 300 villages with a large Armenian population.

We left for Mezreh. The soldiers who accompanied us showed us with pride *where* and *how* and *how many* women and children they had killed.

We were very pleased to see upon our arrival at Harput that the orphanages were full. This was, however, all that could be said. Mamuret-ul-Aziz has become the cemetery of all the Armenians; all the Armenians from the various vilayets were sent there, and those who had not died on the way, came there simply to find their graves.

MEDIAEVAL TORTURES OUTDONE

Another terrible thing in Mamuret-ul-Aziz was the tortures to which the people had been subjected for two months; and they had generally treated so harshly the families of the better class. Feet, hands, chests were nailed to a piece of wood; nails of fingers and toes were torn out; beards and eyebrows pulled out; feet were hammered with nails, as they do with horses; others were hung with their feet up and heads down over closets. . . . Oh! How one would wish that all these facts were not true In order that people outside might not hear the screams of agony of the poor victims, men stood around the prison wherein these atrocities were committed, with drums and whistles.

On July 1st, the first 2,000 were dispatched from Harput. They were soldiers, and it was rumored that they would build roads. People became frightened. Whereupon the Vali called the German missionary Mr. —— and begged him to quiet the people; he was so very sorry that they all had such fears etc., etc. They had hardly been away for a day, when they were all killed in a mountain pass. They were bound together and when the Kurds and soldiers started to shoot at them, some managed to escape in the dark. The next day another 2,000 were sent in the direction of Diarbekir. Among those deported were several of our orphans (boys) who had been working for the Government all the year round. Even the wives of the Kurds came with their knives and murdered the Armenians. Some of the latter succeeded in fleeing. When the Government heard that some Armenians managed to escape, they left those who were to be deported, without food for two days, in order that they would be too weak to be able to flee.

All the high Catholic Armenians, together with their Archbishop, were murdered.

Up to now there still remained a number of tradesmen whom the Government needed and therefore had not deported; now these too were ordered to leave and were murdered.

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THE FUNERAL OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR

who died in 1915. "My strenuous efforts" says Mr Morgenthau (seen in the dress-suit conversing with Enver Pasha, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs) "to enlist the interest of the German Ambassador on behalf of the Armenians, were fruitless"

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IN THE WAKE OF THE TURK

The worst measure against the Armenians was the wholesale deportation of the entire population and their exile to the desert The victims had to walk on foot exposed to the attacks of bands of criminals especially organized for that purpose. Homes were literally uprooted; families were separated; men killed, women and girls violated daily

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As this massacre of the Armenians, judged both by the numbers involved and the methods used, was the greatest single horror ever perpetrated in the history of humanity, the questions will often be asked, how many Armenians were actually murdered or died of starvation or exposure? How many were driven into a miserable exile? Following the important collection of documents made by Viscount Bryce is a careful summary of the facts. The total Armenian population in the Turkish Empire in 1912 is here placed at between 1,600,000 and 2,000,000. Of these 182,000 escaped into the Russian Caucasus and 4,200 into Egypt. One hundred and fifty thousand still remain in Constantinople. To this figure must be added the relatively small number of survivors who escaped death and are now living in hiding or are scattered in distant provinces. We must conclude that a million Armenians were harried out of their homes in the peaceful villages and populous towns of Asia Minor. The murdered number from 600,000 to 800,000. The remainder, in pitiful want of the barest necessities of life, hold out their hands to the Christian fellowship of America

GERMANY'S OBVIOUS GUILT

We now come to a matter of crucial interest. In how far was the German Government responsible for the murder and deportation of the Armenians? *Let me say most emphatically, the German Government could have prevented it.* My strenuous and repeated efforts to enlist the interest of the German Ambassador, the late Baron Wangenheim, in behalf of the Armenians, were fruitless. In my numerous interviews with him I tried to impress him with the thought that the world would consider Germany morally responsible for the crimes of her ally. I urged that even from an economic point of view it was not to Germany's advantage that the Turks should destroy the constructive elements of the country, as that would mean the economic ruin of the Turkish Empire. Then, in the event that Germany should become the ruler of Turkey, she would find it an empty shell! When I found that my arguments were of little avail, I suggested to my Government the desirability of bringing pressure on the Foreign Office in Berlin to the end that instructions be sent to the German Ambassador in Constantinople to insist upon a cessation of the atrocities. This resulted merely in a note from the German Embassy to the Sublime Porte protesting against the horrors perpetrated by the Turks. The purpose of this note was merely to absolve the German Government from all responsibility. It had no practical effect whatsoever.

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the Germans could at the very beginning have stopped these horrors.

THE RED CROSS IN TURKEY

The work of the American Red Cross in Turkey has been most efficient. It has been limited only by the funds available. While I was still in Turkey our national organization besides supplying us funds in carrying on the work, sent us a large amount of medical supplies and wearing apparel of all kinds. As there are now few wounded soldiers to take care of, the Red Cross organization in Turkey is free to devote its main efforts to helping the civilians in distress including Armenian refugees. The American Red Cross has to date appropriated $1,800,000 for relief work in Armenia and Syria.

No definite solution may as yet be ventured as to the Armenian problem. One thing ought to be certain: The Armenians should be freed from the yoke of the Turkish rule.

I wonder if four hundred millions of Christians, in full control of all the governments of Europe and America, are going to again condone these offences by the Turkish Government! Will they, like Germany, take the bloody hand of the Turk, forgive him and decorate him, as Kaiser Wilhelm has done with the highest orders? Will the outrageous terrorizing—the cruel torturing—the driving of women into the harems—the debauchery of innocent girls—the sale of many of them at eighty cents each—the murdering of hundreds of thousands and the deportation to and starvation in the deserts of other hundreds of thousands—the destruction of hundreds of villages and cities—will the wilful execution of this whole devilish scheme to annihilate the Armenian, Greek and Syrian Christians of Turkey—will all this go unpunished? Will the Turks be permitted, aye, even encouraged by our cowardice in not striking back, to continue to treat all Christians in their power as "unbelieving dogs"? Or will definite steps be promptly taken to rescue permanently the remnants of these fine, old, civilized, Christian peoples from the fangs of the Turk?

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Drawn by W. T. B[illegible]a

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When the Boys Come Home

By John Hay

THERE'S a happy time coming,
When the boys come home.
There's a glorious day coming,
When the boys come home.
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gorv
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest
When the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty,
When the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty,
When the boys come home.
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces,
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them,
When the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them,
When the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dissever
From the nation's heart forever,
When the boys come home.

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THEY (the population of Lille and Roubaix) must suffer. Each day that the Germans grow weaker, they, who are dependent now upon the Germans for their existence, must grow weaker; but there has never been a morning since the Germans came, when the people have not said:

"Perhaps The French Will Come Back To-day."

The Dogs of Roubaix

By Ruth Wright Kauffmann

(*Of the Vigilantes*)

(*Mrs. Kauffmann, the wife of the author, Reginald Wright Kauffmann, is a writer of much ability herself. She was abroad in* 1914 *and when the United States joined the Allies she realized how little Americans understood the true significance of the war. So after her return to the United States she asked The Vigilantes—the patriotic society of authors who are donating their talents toward furthering patriotism—to send her abroad to live among munition workers, farm-laborers, etc. Of their problems she has written with charm and real understanding.*—THE EDITORS.)

IN 1914, the Germans put up signs in Lille and Roubaix and the outlying districts, which they still occupy, to tell us how a conquered people should conduct itself; now their signs tell us that peace lies in the hands of our civilians if they will only lift them."

"In the summer of 1916, I saw German soldiers in the large public square at Lille opening boxes of sardines and drinking bottles of French wine while they gave a concert; our half-crazed people looked on Before 1916 was past, I heard a German soldier plead with a French woman to sell him half her meagre daily ration of bacon, that he might send it home to his wife."

Madame Reboux, in an interview I had with her this afternoon, was trying to make me understand, so far as mere words will, the existence of a district of 100,000 civilians under present German military rule. She was, until the enemy stopped its publication, the editor of an influential newspaper of Roubaix, a city just north of Lille. She spent twenty-six months of the war there. This afternoon she was sitting opposite me at a table, safe in Paris, her large, kindly face framed in mourning. Though her own daughter died as the result of underfeeding, she spoke almost altogether of the people she left alive—back there in Lille and Roubaix, the people that were happy when permission was finally granted to her to leave them, because they knew she would become their spokesman here.

"In any event, they must suffer. Each day that the Germans grow weaker, they, who are dependent now upon the Germans for their existence, must grow weaker; but there has never been a morning since the Germans came, when the people have not said:

"'Perhaps the French will come back to-day.'"

She had brought her "notes" of the events she had lived through, a rough diary of her twenty-six months.

"The dogs," she began, as she glanced through the diary, "I must tell you about those dogs."

"Please," I said.

"Just a moment. I must explain to you about an invaded city now, and what it is like.

"First, when the Germans arrived, they took away all the bicycles, the cabs, the wagons, cut off the telephone and closed the post-office and railways to the inhabitants, this to stop communication with the outer world. They levied on each village or town for 30 or 40 or 100 million francs, as the case might be. They took over the banks, and gave to the civilians, instead of their French money,

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"City-bonds," which the civilians might exchange, at a loss, into marks. Each grown person might receive in city-bonds never more than $10 every fortnight, and each child $3, and you will see how, as the prices of necessities mounted, it became almost impossible to keep alive on this. In 1914, the shops were overflowing—we were rich industrially, and the grocery stores were well stocked with imperishable edibles such as tinned goods, and the dry-goods stores were filled with dresses and shoes and underwear, table linen, blankets, furniture; everything that goes to make up prosperity. Now, the people, who have heard guns every day of these three years, find only empty, desolate shops. Nothing is left, nothing, nothing. The shelves of shoes are dreams of the past: the people have only their wooden sabots left. There is no food of any sort, except the few litres of milk from the tiny proportion of thin cows that are remaining, a few eggs from the scattering of hens itemized but not yet Germanized, and the food that the neutrals can get to us."

"About those dogs, Madame?" I interrupted.

THOSE GERMAN SIGNS

"Just a moment. When the Germans arrived, they at once started putting up signs, innumerable signs, the French translation opposite the German original, for the people could not read German. The signs were before one's nose everywhere, in one's house at the front door where the list of original inhabitants and the list of soldiers to be lodged and fed was placed; at every corner—and forever changed for fresh orders: 'All doors to be open day and night'— 'The civilians not to leave their houses after eight P. M.' (for two months it was after four P. M.)—'Cards of identity to be procured'—'No newspapers to enter the city except those provided by the military'—'No one to sleep at his neighbor's without military permission'—'No package to be taken out of the town limits' (the countryside is so linked together that one town merges into another)—'Forty francs to be paid for each dog.'"

"Oh, yes, the dogs!"

"Just a moment. The people used to laugh as they passed by the signs: they would barely glance at them, and they would laugh. Then one day, a fresh sign glared into everyone's face:

"THE CIVIL POPULATION IS FORBIDDEN TO" LAUGH AT THE SIGNS

"It is easy to forbid a conquered people; it is hard to compel them.

THE STORY OF THE SEWING MACHINES

"It was decided that the civilians must work for their conquerors. The Germans needed sacks, which they were going to fill with sand and pile into barricades. They collected the young women of all classes and told them that it was time for all to work, that from five to six francs a day would be paid for the labor, as the present rulers were a just people, and that sacks were to be made. They indicated the methods. In a central building they had placed a great quantity of sewing-machines. The material was there, the thread was there.

"The young women refused. For forty-eight hours, they stood, always refusing. The Germans then attempted force; they pricked the women with their bayonets. The women continued to refuse.

"Finally the Germans sent them home. There were too many of them. It might be best to go about it another way.

"To each house a machine was carried by a German soldier. An officer appeared, bringing so much material for each person, and announced that the next morning he would return and collect the finished article: he was sharp in his command, and he had only one woman to deal with at a time.

"The next morning, all the machines were on the pavement.

"How *could* they work for Germany?" Madame Reboux asked. "Their men were sending bullets to drive the Germans back. Should these women help to make sacks to keep the bullets from being effective?"

"The food became more and more a problem. What meat could be bought was of inferior quality. Besides, on $10 a fortnight, one could buy very little of anything. The coal gave out, except for a few pounds at a time. The women broke up their furniture and all the doors that were unnecessary and made fires of them. When the wood was exhausted, families would huddle in the churches to keep warm, or, more often, go to bed. The coal was so limited that many, when I left, were cooking their rice only once in three days, thus saving two days' fuel.

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"Next morning all the machines were on the pavement"

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Many died of the cold. My physician told me not long ago that, if the rations and means of cooking them were not increased within six months, two-thirds of the population would die of tuberculosis. Do you know what the present rations are?—

20 grams of rice a day,
10 grams of sugar,
20 grams of bacon,
Occasionally a few vegetables,
Once every two or three months, two kilos of potatoes;

and as one kilo of potatoes costs thirty francs, they are a luxury not often to be afforded. Indeed, the luxuries are beyond frequent use. At thirty-five francs the kilo for coffee, forty-nine francs for cocoa and four francs for an egg, that is no wonder.

DESPERATE MEASURES TO OBTAIN FOOD

"You know, we are close to a corner of Belgium that is still Belgium. A short walk would bring one there, but barbed-wire entanglements two yards high prevent. Once in a while, however, someone runs the risk. Not long ago, two women succeeded in bringing back, nearly to Roubaix, some chocolate, some bread and a few eggs. In the distance they spied two German officers, and quickly they hid in the underbrush until they should pass. The soldiers did not see them, but their dogs smelled them out. The women threw themselves on their knees and begged not to be put into prison or sent to Germany, for their children's sakes.

"One of the officers finally said:

"'Very well, I will punish you instead on the spot'—and he set the trained dogs on them.

"A little boy, quite small, told his mother that he was sure he could crawl through the barbed wire meshes, and won, at length, her consent to let him try. He was found on the road, close by the entanglement, a long loaf in his hand: he had been shot dead.

"Yet we always believed," Madame Reboux insisted. "Every day there, they still believe that the French will return that day.

"One is permitted to go on the tramways, but the Germans are very suspicious and will frequently stop the tram to investigate every passenger aboard. It happened to me once. They put the men on one side and the women on the other, stripped everyone, examined their bodies to see that nothing was written on them—they always expect writing—examined our papers, searched our clothes to see that no package was concealed about us, and questioned us as to our families and as to where we were going and why. And most of the women were going merely on errands of mercy. I was on my way to the hospital at Lille that day.

"A little boy lay there with a hole in his forehead and three fingers missing.

"'What happened to you?' I asked.

"'They put a grenade in my hand and said I was to hold it.'

"And here, I cannot help remembering another little boy whom I recently saw repatriated and reunited with his father. The father was so happy, but after three years the child did not recognize him. The father was frantic for news of his wife and his other son, Jean.

"Suddenly the child put his hands before his eyes.

"'Oh, the head of Mamma against the wall, and the legs of Jean!' That was all he could say. That is all he has as yet been able to say."

THE FATE OF THE DOGS

"What about the dogs?" I asked again, for Madame Reboux had stopped for a moment and was looking into space. "Did you mean the German police dogs?"

"No; ours," she answered.

Then her eyes lighted.

"Yes," she said, "I must tell you about them.

"You know, in our part of France everyone has his dog. Just like the Belgians. They work for us, and we work for them: we love them. Well, the Germans taxed the dogs. They put up more signs, levying a tax of forty francs for each dog.

"The injustice—the impossibility; forty francs in our starving town. Not one inhabitant in twenty could afford it, so we all consulted together, and all acted together.

"The next morning, the Germans saw floating, drowned, in the canal, the bodies of every dog in our part of Roubaix. And wrapped over the body of each dog was a French flag. And on the white stripe of each flag was written:

"'DEAD FOR FRANCE!'"

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Crusaders Of To-day

By Private Harold R. Peat

(Late 3rd Battalion, 1st Canadians)

PRIVATE Peat, a young Canadian, went overseas with the first Canadian contingent. He fought all through the long bitter fray when the British struggled desperately to stem the tide of militarism until sufficient men and munitions could be obtained. He was in the thick of that terrible fight at Ypres where the Canadians made history and saved civilization. Finally an explosive bullet laid him low and he lay on the battlefield for fifty-two hours, at death's door; yet with a sublime trust in God he never lost faith that he would be rescued. This faith in a Divine Providence which underlies the rough exterior of the soldier is most splendidly emphasized in the following article and in his book, "Private Peat—His Own Story," perhaps the most absorbing of soldier tales that the war has produced so far.—THE EDITORS.

"WRITE me an article on the softer aspects of War," said an editor to me the other day.

It is not possible. There are no truly softer aspects of War. All of War is dreadful. All of War is horror. All of War is killing, and maiming, hurting and mutilating. All of War is rough. Yet underneath the roughness of War there is, at least in the Allied soldier, a stratum of sentiment, of refinement, of goodness, of truth and of the finer, better, truer religion which is the outcome of this War of Wars.

It is not a normal life this one of fighting. Every instinct of the Allied soldier is for peace, quiet, and undisturbed career in chosen trade or profession, or it may be in hobby or research. The average man reaches France comparatively little roughened for his experience in the camps. In the camps he has still something of the home influence. He sees his women folk on occasions. He is associating at times with men yet in civilian life. He

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has not yet had to defend himself from a living foe. He has not as yet had to *kill*.

The average man gets to France. In the camps there conditions are very much as they were at home. The work is harder, the discipline yet more rigid. There is nothing of feminine influence. There is no association with persons who recall days of civilian life. It is a world of men, at men's work, peopled with men.

The little niceties of life vanish. He forgets that once he could not take a meal without a serviette and a finger-bowl. All that remains to him, and increases as time goes on, is his instinct to share all that he has with the other fellow. Always there comes the greater spirit of comradeship and good-fellowship between man and man.

It is a matter of wonder—world wonder—that the Allied soldier who has seen red murder done by the Hun, who has seen the mutilated bodies of men, of women, and of children, yet succours as tenderly the wounded enemy as he does his comrade in the ranks. It is not of uncommon occurrence for an Allied soldier to risk his own life to bring in the helpless, though still-breathing form, of a fallen foeman. This is where proof positive is found that the roughness of the fighting man is only a surface disfigurement. It is not deep; it is not permanent. In his heart, deep down in the soul of him, the soldier of to-day, the modern crusader, the man—the ordinary man of everyday affairs—who is fighting for an ideal, a principle and a right, is, as the little Cockney soldier would say, a bit of "orl-right."

What higher praise can man have? Our Anglo-Saxon language is curiously devoid of eulogistic terms. We have not words in which to express our admiration of our fellow-man. We leave it to feelings, and thoughts and inarticulate actions. We are an inarticulate race. But how we feel! How we honor the man who is "orl-right"!

> IN THE trenches the boys compare the merits of their mothers. It is a wonderful thing, that spirit of mother-love which surrounds us, blesses us and leads us to higher things. We gather together in the trench and we talk of mother—mother—mother. The lad whose mother cried and fainted when he left quietly drops out. He never shows his letters from home because it is possible she writes him laments and moanings. But those of us who have a home courage of which we talk—how we boast! Mother is a mighty factor in the winning of this war."—Private Peat.

Soldiers do not pray in the trenches on their knees. I have only known one soldier who prayed. He did so every time the shells came across from the enemy lines. When the guns ceased to play, or when we were back in billets, his language and his bearing were no better, nor were they perhaps as good as those of the rest of us. We have no use for "death-bed" repentance on the battlefield. We do not know at what moment our eternal trumpet may sound. We are always ready in our souls for the great "last post," the "taps" as the United States Army has it.

Yet, the huts of the Y. M. C. A. are crowded at every service. There will be the service for the Roman Catholic at one hour, and for the various Protestant denominations at another. The Chaplain is a man, for we, in all probability, will have seen him show his mettle as a fighting man when emergency has called, at any rate we will know him as a brave man, without cant and without prejudice, no matter what his cloth. We listen to him, we respect him and we learn from him, but I don't say that we will not swear immediately the service is over.

To us, the soldiers who have been "there," to those of us who have suffered and who know, one of the basest of base calumnies which the German propagandist scatters abroad is the slurs against the Red Cross.

On the battlefield we do not actively think of the organization as the Red Cross. To us it is but a branch of the Army—the Army Medical Corps, the R. A. M. C. But we know full well that the Red Cross is working through them, that the one insignia is the honor bar of all.

"Your son is gone for ever—if he is an officer, his life is of one day's length from the time he reaches the trenches."

How many times have parents anxiously asked me if that were true. "You are bound to lose your boy." The mother will come to

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MOVING THE WOUNDED TO THE REAR

In three years of the most terrible fighting, out of 4,500,000 casualties among the Canadians only 2½ per cent. have died of their wounds

me with tears in her eyes and repeat that statement.

Yes; mother, you will lose your boy—lose him most assuredly, but your son will come back to you a man. Luck may have it that he "get his" within an hour or so of going into the trenches. The great chance is that he will be there for days and maybe months, and the greater chance is that he will not be killed, but get wounded. Of the fatal casualties in the Canadian troops for three years of fighting, and three years of fighting such as cannot be repeated, these have been only 5 per cent. of the total. Only 5 per cent. in three years of all those men have been killed.

Of the four and a half million odd of casualties which have occurred in three years of fighting, only 2½ per cent. of the men have died of wounds. Learn those facts by heart. They are indisputable—Ottawa, London, or Washington will suppy you with the same figures. When the insidious story of the German snake reaches you, fling these facts in the teeth of it.

To-day, the casualties of necessity must be less. Three years ago, two years ago, one and a half years ago and one year ago, we were forced to throw half-trained, and partially equipped troops into the field against a foe which had had forty years of strenuous and scientific preparation. To-day we are prepared. Our three years of holding the foe back with one hand, and getting ready with the other hand, have been full and fertile. We have succeeded. We have the foe where we wanted him. We have still a long, tedious, difficult job ahead of us to complete the victory, but with trained men, finished equipment, and plentiful munitions, allied to our stout hearts and our indomitable courage, we *must* win.

There must be Victory before there is Peace.

Your boy is not bound to die, nor yet is he bound to be physically incapacitated for all his days, but he is offering all gladly for the ultimate triumph which civilization must have.

Why do the wounded not die?

We do not die because we have such infinite faith and hope and trust.

We do not die because we are firmly convinced of the infallibility of the Red Cross.

I lay on the battlefield after I was wounded

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EVERYBODY SMILES ON THE WAY TO BLIGHTY

It is seldom a man has to lie out after being wounded. The Red Cross bearers will seek him out and they will never leave him during the entire journey to recovery

for fifty-two hours, without dressing, without water, and without food. Nothing was with me, but God and hope.

I knew that if "they" found me, I would be safe. I knew that I *could not die*.

It is seldom that a man has to lie out after being wounded. The main cause of such a happening is the man's own fault. I crawled away and hid for I feared capture by the Germans who had taken all that were left alive of my comrades. We knew that they killed our wounded at times, and we had seen the bodies of our crucified sergeants. I was not unconscious and instinct led me to hide. That was why the stretcher-bearers did not come across me between Friday and Monday; besides the Hun does not respect the sign of the Red Cross, and the man with it on his arm is as liable to receive a bullet whilst he is discharging his dangerous duty to the wounded as is the fighting man in the ranks.

I am not the only wonder case of living after a severe wound. I know a young fellow from my own home town of Edmonton, who was shot in more than five places, whose leg was shattered, and who lay out for five days and five nights, and to-day he is able to go about—lame it is true, but living.

In my case one side was totally paralyzed as a result of the explosive bullet which hit me. For long I suffered torture with the weight of my knapsack pressing into the gaping hole below my right lung through which the bullet had exploded. At last I chewed through the strap of it, and at length too, I was able with my left hand, feeble though its movements were, to loosen the string of the emergency dressing with which every soldier's tunic is equipped in a concealed pocket. I was able to plug roughly and only temporarily the bleeding gash. What if the supply of emergency dressings had given out before reaching me? If all the Red Cross workers who handle surgical dressings could realize even to half the extent, the importance, the vital importance of their work, there would be three women to each job where there is only one now.

You may save the life of your own son, husband, brother, or sweetheart, by commencing to work for the Red Cross within the next hour.

"I could not die." We youngsters who get

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into the trenches for the first time, know that some time, somehow, some place, we are going to get "plugged". We are rather curious about the matter. We see a man who is wearing one or two or maybe four or five of the gold honor bars on his tunic cuff. We know the insignia of honorable wounds. We ask him questions. If he is a French poilu, or an English Tommy, or a Canadian Canuck, or an Anzac or yet a Boer from South Africa, he will tell you of the impossibility of dying once "they get hold of you." He will tell you of the treatment in hospital—"Excellent." He will tell you of the doctors—"Magnificent." He will tell you of the nurses—"Angels of Mercy."

Then one's own faith grows and one tells the story. In a while one is a veteran too, with gold stripes and experience which lends color to the undoubted facts. The Red Cross is always 100 per cent. efficient. That efficiency is indispensable, but it cannot be kept up without continuous and increasing support. Increasing, because of the increasing offensive which we Allies must take, increasing because of the increasing numbers of our troops in the field, increasing because of the larger number of Hun prisoners we are taking each day.

"The Red Cross sells the goods to the men." Here is another hoary tale of the German propagandist. This tale has a friend in too many women. I have had it repeated to me under many disguises. I have heard it from the lips of the undeniably lazy woman who did not care to *make* time for her country's work. I have heard it pass from lip to lip and gather force as it went. I can give an actual source of such a story.

I was having a hand in a poker game. It was near the end of the month and my five dollars pay was on its last legs. I got in beyond my depth. We are scrupulous to a degree in discharging all debts in the trenches. Who knows that the next "Wee Willie" won't get one of us, and think of the dishonor of "going West" with a poker debt around our neck!

I was, speaking in the vernacular, in the soup. I got a parcel from home. Against the advice I had given the home folk time and again, they had sent me three khaki sweaters. Here was the obvious solution of the difficulty. A couple of fellows in my own section wanted sweaters. They offered to *buy* them from me. They were my sweaters, not the sweaters of the Red Cross. I got the requisite number of cents to pay my just debts. That is the source of the story.

Bill got one of the sweaters. They were exceptionally well knitted and comfortable. He wrote home to his mother "I bought a sweater from Peat for so much." His mother told Mrs. Jones that her son Bill had bought one of the sweaters which she had knitted. That was at the next meeting of the Red Cross unit. On the way home Mrs. Jones told Mrs. Garrity that Bill Perkins had bought a sweater in the trenches. Mrs. Garrity told Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Martin told Mrs. Mountjoy that the Red Cross sold a sweater to Bill Perkins. "His mother told Mrs. Jones, who told Mrs. —— who told Mrs. —— and so forth." Eventually the story reaches the ears of the pro-German. There is nothing more to be done. The thing is repeated and repeated again. Somebody refuses to continue Red Cross work because of the unproved statement.

Believe no statement until you have full proof of its conclusiveness, which may be derogatory to the Red Cross or to the Red Cross nurses or workers.

That is my considered advice to all persons who may hear stories such as these repeated. Further, you are quite safe in denying anything derogatory to the Red Cross before you get the proof, because the Red Cross service is above reproach.

The moral welfare of the soldier, the physical welfare of the man in the trench as regards his creature comforts, the welfare of the tortured body of the wounded lies in the hands of the folk at home. It is through the homefolk that the enemy seeks to injure the fighting man in his own insidious, poisonous, disgusting way. It is by frightening the mothers, it is by hurting the pride of the fathers, it is by indirectly insulting soldiers and nurses that the Hun seeks to gain a subtle victory.

We soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are *your* men, that we are your Fighting Men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

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THE MONTH'S PROGRESS

MAJOR MURPHY'S RESIGNATION

THE most outstanding feature of the Red Cross situation during the past month has been the resignation in Paris of Major Grayson M. P. Murphy, Red Cross Commissioner to Europe, who has resigned to return to the army.

Only those who have had opportunity to see the work which Major Murphy has done in France these past six months, or who have had knowledge of those seemingly endless cablegrams received in Washington signed "Murphy," can realize the loss which the Red Cross has sustained.

Whatever other drawbacks the Red Cross may possess as an organization, lack of continuity, however, is not among them. Commissioner James H. Perkins, taken from his work in Rome to assume the reins which Major Murphy has hitherto held, is one of the eighteen original Red Cross executives sent to France, and is thoroughly acquainted with the situation he is now called on to meet. He will find a tremendously reinforced Red Cross always behind him as Major Murphy found behind him an earlier organization.

The Red Cross to-day is as different from what it was a month ago as it is different from what it will be a month hence. There were five million Red Cross members behind Major Murphy. There are more than twenty million Red Cross members to-day. To-morrow is coming.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

ANY one who enjoys doing tricks with figures can amuse himself to the full these days by casting his eyes over the Red Cross activities, with the delightful certainty that his forecasts will always fall short of the actual achievement.

This is particularly the case in the Junior Red Cross. Pittsburg, for instance, with a school enrollment of two hundred and twenty thousand, reports 100 per cent. membership in the Junior Red Cross. In the country at large there are more than twenty-three million school boys and girls. How long will it take the Junior Red Cross to enroll them all?

Again, the members of the Junior Red Cross in Arizona are altering the landscape of that trans-continental crossed land by gathering up the tin cans along the railroads and highways, and selling their booty for the Red Cross at varying prices per ton. In southern California the Junior members of one chapter are turning in a hundred dollars a month by collecting old tinfoil. Are there more tin cans in Arizona than tinfoil in California?

The Junior Red Cross will be enrolling all the school children of this country as members. Every school in the land will become a Red Cross Auxiliary. Bound up with the Red Cross will be the War Savings plan, the American Library Association plan, the Garden Association plan, and possibly other national educational plans.

No one who knows the children of America can fail to be thrilled by this movement which in addition to its practical value means that every boy and girl of our nation will become familiar with the Red Cross ideals of service and patriotism.

A new citizenship cannot fail, in time, to emerge.

$75,000,000 EXPENDED

THERE will be a grim satisfaction for most of us in the news that of the hundred million dollars contributed to the War Fund last June about seventy-five millions have been appropriated up to January 1, 1918. The proportion of expenditures has been, roughly, at the rate of one dollar in America for every three dollars in France. These millions have been spent purely for so-called war purposes—meaning purposes calculated directly to sustain and strengthen the morale of our army and the armies of our allies.

Napoleon lost Waterloo because Grouchy was fifteen minutes late. Nowadays not only is victory itself a matter of minutes, but with the deadly methods of warfare in use, delay means death to the bombed or gassed soldier.

Perhaps this sheds light on the fact that two of the largest single items in the list of expenditures are transportation and hospital supply—with all they may mean in the future when the American Army has gone into action on a great scale. The other items are too numerous and too complicated to be gone into at this moment, their several proportions

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of the total expenditure being about the same as in the War Council's report on the work to November 1, 1917, issued last December.

The fact that seventy-five millions have already been efficiently spent is good measure of the desperate need which still remains to be filled.

FOR THE RELIEF OF GUATEMALA

THERE is a tragic irony about the recent earthquake in Guatemala that is enhanced a hundred fold as the story of that castastrophe comes in by wireless and letter. Only as recently as December 13th, the Americans in that Central American city had completed their plans for aiding their distant mother country. They made application for membership in the list of Red Cross chapters on that date, and were preparing to give their best efforts to helping their kinsmen in France, as their enthusiastic letters showed.

To-day they stand in need of all the sympathy and assistance which human beings are capable of giving one another; their city gradually shaken to the fissure-cracked ground by that most terrifying of phenomena—continued earthquake shocks.

The aid which has been sent from New Orleans and the Panama Chapter on Balboa Heights to both them and the inhabitants of Guatemala City is but slight evidence of our wish to send back to them, multiplied a hundred fold, the bread they had cast upon the waters.

AN APPROPRIATION FOR GARMENTS

TO THOSE women whose household arrangements or financial situation or family cares have prevented them from doing work in the Red Cross work rooms and whose activity has therefore necessarily been confined to knitting in their homes and elsewhere, there will be a distinct measure of satisfaction in the knowledge that one of the recent appropriations of the War Council aims to provide our soldiers in this country with sweaters, heavy woolen socks, helmets, and woolen gloves.

The amount of the appropriation, one and a half millions, and the hundreds of thousands of each article which it will buy, is a good criterion of the value of the articles already made by the women of the country to our soldiers abroad and at home.

That there may be no interruption in the future of this necessary work of knitting, a further appropriation of nearly a million has also been made for the purchase of woolen yarn for resale to the various chapters.

WOMEN RED CROSS EXECUTIVES

IT IS interesting to note that the entire personnel required to run the fourteen divisions of the Red Cross comprises two hundred and fifty-five men and women. Of these, one hundred and five are men and one hundred and fifty are women. These are the responsible executive positions in the divisions and do not include the routine clerical help.

The new plan under which the Red Cross has been run has also vitally affected the National Headquarters in Washington.

On December 1st the consolidation of the Woman's Bureau and the Bureau of Development was effected. The work heretofore handled in the woman's bureau having to do with the standardizing and regulating of chapter production was transferred to the Bureau of Development where it now forms part of the division of chapter supplies, and includes a woman expert in the different lines of surgical dressings, hospital garments, knitting, and so forth.

An inspection of the figures of this bureau along with the Bureaus of Personnel, Publications, and Junior Membership reveal six men and five women in responsible positions. The Bureau of Nursing is entirely in charge of women while a bureau like that of Military Relief is entirely in the hands of men.

Going up the scale to the General Manager's office, to whom the various departments and bureaus at headquarters report, as well as the Division Managers, we find a woman, Miss Elizabeth Hoyt, as Assistant to the General Manager, while advising the War Council is a Woman's Advisory Committee and a Woman's Advisory Committee on Naval Auxiliaries.

In the new work of the Department of Civilian Relief, the Division of Home Service, which has established about twenty-five institutes of home service as training schools for home-service workers, the number of men and women is about equal.

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Serving 10,000 Meals A Day

Life at an American Red Cross Canteen in France where Pathos and Humor Meet and Rub Elbows Daily

By Forbes Watson

Illustrated By PAUL D. BROWN

THE American Red Cross canteens although youthful institutions, are already deservedly famous. General Pershing has said that next in importance to the soldiers come that valiant group of American women canteen workers who devote themselves, for twenty-four hours a day, divided into four six-hour shifts, to the task of serving hot meals and drinks to the soldiers. The highest French military authorities are responsible for the statement that in all cases where American Red Cross canteens have been established long enough for the effect to tell, they have raised the morale of the French soldiers from 30 to 40 per cent. This is strong praise. At least it struck me in that way. So I went on an expedition, to see with my own eyes if such paradises of good work really did exist on this faulty earth. And I found that, actually, they do.

Disguised legitimately in the uniform of an ambulance driver I entered the canteen with the singleness of purpose of the poilu.

As usual the canteen was but a step from the station and I found the entrance jammed with tired and hungry, but excited, poilus. A large trainload of them had just arrived. It was a black moment in the war's history. A big movement of troops was on. The canteen vibrated with an electric excitement. In the wooden passageway leading to the great eating hall guns rattled and knapsacks rubbed against each other. Bits of a thousand discussions were lost in an indistinct medley of voices. I was pushed onward into the stream. In the dim light were seen faces from every walk of life, students, laborers, farmers, now all poilus together, here for a moment's respite while being whirled forward in a desperate movement of troops to save a stricken ally. Oh! Wonderful France! after more than eleven hundred days of war you can hold your own, and rush to an ally's aid!

Tiens, Paul!

Tiens, Pierre!

Two young friends clasped hands and slapped each other heartily on the back.

Tu vas là-bas?

Et toi?

They knew where they were going. Such bright youths always know where they are going. But they were lost in the crowd. An old poilu, tired and hungry, stumped past. The soldiers shed much of their kits in a place reserved for this purpose, and poured into the great eating hall.

"Didn't I tell you it was *chic?* Old Martin said the war could go on as long as it wanted to if he could have a place like this to stay in. You remember?"

These appreciative young soldiers were right. The canteen is *chic.* It is more; it is a delightful place. An architect-decorator in times of peace, now a lieutenant in the Camouflage, has decorated it. Taking the horizon blue of the French uniform for his keynote, he has created a gay and cheerful

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blue and white interior, warmed with pale yellow lights, that gives an excellent background to the groups of talking and eating poilus.

On the right of the entrance door is the cashier's desk where, one can buy for seventy-five centimes a ticket for a complete meal. Coffee and cholocate are included, with hot soup, meat and vegetables. There are also a few well chosen extras, salad, oysters and other favorite dishes of the soldier, according to the day. That is a point to remember. The canteens have been especially successful in gauging the taste of the French soldier, for although one often sees a small group of American soldiers taking full advantage of the canteen opportunities, most of the thousands of soldiers who visit the canteen every day are French. The word thousands did not slip in by accident. This particular canteen has served 10,000 hot meals in one day and poured coffee at the rate of one cup every ten seconds.

The cash window was surrounded, on account of the crowd and also because the poilu, even when hungry does not choose his meal casually, if there is a chance for choice. Should one take the "regular dinner," or should one have oysters and salad, or should one do both? The discussion might have gone on for some time, but our grumpy old friend had been to the store and bought a bottle of wine, and he wanted to eat something.

"Hurry up old boy, there'll be another train to catch to-morrow," he bellowed hoarsely in French.

But the line did not move too quickly, for another poilu had offered the friendly smiling American lady who had checked accounts for enough consecutive hours to make a man disagreeably sharp, a ten franc note. The lady leaned forward and pointed upward giving the poilu his first taste of good American canteen French.

"Monsieur, avez vous lu cette très importante signe là-bas en haut dessous ma tête?" ("Sir, have you read this very important sign over my head?")

The poilu did not laugh, but following the lady's finger, if not her French, saw a sign which, if it had been written by an American sign writer in English, might have read: "Have the correct change ready, this is not a bank."

But soon in company with a tall black Moroccan who wore on his chest decorations to turn a mere white American green with envy, I secured a ticket for a complete meal. The long counter where the meals are served stretches along one side of the room. It is a scene of feverish activity when there is a great movement of troops. Behind it stand a group of American women in long blue aprons with white head-dresses. It is inaccurate to say they stand, for agile feet are necessary, quick eyes and steady hands.

To the unimaginative eye they are waitresses, serving coffee, passing plates of food and bowls of soup, consigning knives and forks. They are ever so much more. They are the front ranks of our diplomatic service. On them a thousand poilus every day base their ideas of the American woman. The soldier who does not know takes them to be servants. When he finds that they have come all the way from America to do this for him, that they are volunteers, he does not immediately understand.

"Why have you come here to do this?" I heard a soldier ask one of these women.

"Because I love France," she answered simply.

The soldier flushed, and I think his eyes glistened a little. I saw him take his plate of meat and vegetables and bowl of soup to a table, and while he ate he looked at the woman who had made it so clear to him why she was working seven hours a day serving food, she who in the old days of peace had travelled through Europe

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A WARM DRINK

Tired and cold after a long sojourn in the trenches the soldiers get a warm cup of coffee and refreshments as well as a word of cheerful welcome from the canteen workers

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"from Ritz to Ritz." There was a look in his eyes difficult, impossible to describe. And wishing to talk with him I decided that after I had been served I would join him.

But the crowd in front of the counter was six deep. It struck me that here indeed was an international alliance, an *entente cordiale*. And also by what modern means primaeval laws were being executed. On one side of the counter were the men, the warriors, the fighters. On the other side the women, doing the women's work since time began, the work of succoring the men. It was true that these women had come across the ocean and changed the course of their lives because they loved France, because they loved America and because they wished to do their share in the war for freedom. They had come, as they always do come, to comfort and to help.

I reached the counter.

"*Un repas complet, s'il vous plaît, Madame,*" ("A regular dinner, please, Madam,") I said to an American girl, and she served me promptly and smilingly saying:

"You're an American." She laughed. "You'll get a knife and fork over there."

I moved down the counter to the place where the knives and forks are consigned for fifty centimes each.

"Ten cents for each article; we give you back the money when you return them."

At this point I almost stopped long enough to let my food get cold, for just ahead of me was an old poilu who simply could not understand this way of doing business. He had served in the war for three years and he looked as if he had been sleeping on hard rock and become equally hard in the process, a knotty and toughened warrior, who knew every detail of trench fighting. He smelt of earth and powder. In all his life he had learned one definite lesson—that a piece worth ten sous, once out of the hand, is gone forever. He would not give up a whole franc for a knife and fork, even if an honest looking American girl assured him in her best French that she would return his money later. Would she give it back? He had only seen her take money in, and give knives, forks, and spoons in return. But just then a keen young Chasseur ran up with all the knives, forks, and spoons that he and a party of friends had been using. The lady gave him a five franc note. The old fighter would have smiled perhaps, if his muscles had not lost the smiling habit. Instead he fished out a battered purse with a bullet hole in it, took out a franc and passed it gingerly to the American canteen aid. Then he went away and ate, but hurriedly, anxiously, as if he would never be quite sure of seeing his franc again until it was safely back in the old black purse.

As I turned away from the counter I saw down the room the lines of tables surrounded with soldiers. Here was one on the right, so tired that he fell asleep between mouthfuls. He had a clear fresh skin but his eyes were lined. How far had he marched that day? How far had he ridden in a box car? How many good nights of sleep would he have before he reached the front where he was going to help France's ally? All these questions came to mind as I watched him, too hungry to resist food, too sleepy almost to eat it.

Down there on the right, sitting on the table, was a poilu bending over his coat and sewing a patch on the sleeve lining. The intentness of his attention was in sharp contrast with the lounging men who were at the same table having an after-dinner smoke. But I had reached a place near the poilu whom I picked out to talk with, having a vague hope that he would enter into the scheme of talking also. While I dipped into my bowl of soup wondering just how to begin the conversation he reached over and touched my arm.

"What a beautiful smile!" he said, and I followed his glance, which was centred on the girl who had told him that she came to serve because "she loved France." You think that she was smiling across the room at him? You are mistaken. Her attention was

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IN A RED CROSS CANTEEN

The canteen is *chic* An architect has decorated it. Taking the horizon blue for his keynote, he has created a gay and cheerful interior warmed with pale yellow lights

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on her work, and nothing even remotely suggesting the personal was in her smile. But he continued to sit and watch her. And unless one has been far removed from all women, has been living exclusively among men, in rain-sodden trenches and muddy dug-outs, it may be impossible to catch a flash of the emotions that stirred the soldier's heart. But I thought for at least a second that I caught it. Bombs and grenades, the rat-tat-tat of mitrailleuse, the walls and floors of mud, the infernal noise and cold discomfort of war had passed for a moment, and in their place he saw a woman, good-looking and attractive, smiling, inspired by the desire to give herself in service. This is what I caught from the soldier's eyes. Are you surprised that I did not attempt to talk to him? Would you ask a man seeing visions if he had enjoyed his soup? But I saw this soldier again, and he told me he was looking forward to his permission in order that he might again go back to the American canteen.

This is not an unusual statement. Many and many a poilu will tell the same thing. They have written it in their letters. Opposite me was another poilu with the saddest face I have ever seen. He spoke to no one. Some personal loss hung over him, too poignant for me to approach. He took away his bowl for some more coffee, and at a counter which had become a little less congested I saw him in conversation with one of the American women. He talked to her as he never would have talked to a man, because she knew how to talk to him. Later I asked her his story. He had lost four brothers in the war, the youngest recently. Two weeks later he wrote her a letter telling her that her sympathy had torn apart the black veil that seemed to have settled down forever between him and life. And he wrote simply to thank her for having given him back the courage to go on. "Vive l'Union Franco-Américaine!" he wrote. Was it an exaggeration to say that these American Red Cross women are the front ranks of our diplomacy?

But the canteen is not exclusively the setting for tense scenes.

One soldier was much interested in the little puppy dog that he carried in his coat. For as soon as he had been served a bowl of soup he went away to give it to the puppy. But the puppy promptly burned its young nose and puppy and master set up a chorus of whining and laughter.

"All right!" said the poilu, "have the dessert first" as he soaked some bread in the soup and gave it to the pup.

But in a flash pup and poilu were forgotten. A man with a beard and finely cut features jumped up two yards away. Out of his mouth came a word that could not have brought more people to their feet if it had been accompanied by a flame of fire. An instant uproar. Questions, looks which demanded that the word be justified, exclamations poured out. The other man stood trembling with rage. They faced each other, accuser and accused. The first was like a prophet enraged, and he damned the other in a fiery speech, telling how he remembered him as stretcher bearer at Verdun last winter, how he remembered when the bombs were dropping too thickly he refused to go out after the wounded. "He left my friend to die of his wounds. He is a coward, and my friend died because of it." He cursed the stretcher bearer eternally.

Yet later on that same night he went to the American girl who had done most to restore order, apologized to her for having made a scene, and gave her a shell in token of his sincere apology. The scene in fact had shattered her nerves as well as his. It left us all gasping for breath. For everyone there realized that whenever these two men met it would recur, and that some day it would end in the one immortal way.

It was night when we left. Night in that little French town is really night. You and I have forgotten the beauty of the night. Our American "white-ways" have destroyed it, but in this old town night is cherished and protected. All lights are hidden from the outer world. Men and women wrap themselves, their houses and their streets in a covering of darkness and await, invisible, the danger that may destroy them. Even the stars and the moon are not welcome, for they are the allies of the enemy airplane.

We paused to listen to an airplane. The steady distant pounding of guns sounded ominous. Across the street was the entrance to the nearest "abri," where twenty feet of sandbags and cement protect men, women and children from bombs. I thought:

These women not only come next to a soldier; they are the soldier's veritable sisters, standing by his side there in the war-zone, and as ready as the soldier to give themselves wholly to the war for liberty.

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A Magnificent Tribute

The Memorial Windows in the Red Cross National Headquarters at Washington Donated by the Woman's Relief Corps of the North and the United Daughters of the Confederacy of The South

OPPOSITE the entrance door of the general assembly room at the National Headquarters of the American Red Cross at Washington, forming more than half of the north wall of the room is a three-panel window of Tiffany favrile glass of very unusual beauty and interest. It may be said, indeed, to typify and embody the whole thought for which the building stands—ministry to the sick and wounded through sacrifice.

The idea of this window originated with Miss Mabel T. Boardman, of the Central Committee of the Red Cross, who suggested to The Woman's Relief Corps of the North and the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the South that they unite in presenting a triple-paneled window to the Red Cross.

Each organization contributed $5,000, making the total cost $10,000 for the three windows.

The money from the Woman's Relief Corps was appropriated directly from funds on hand; that from the United Daughters of the Confederacy came through popular appeal.

The subjects were suggested by Miss Boardman and the Hon. Elihu Root and were developed most skilfully by Mr. Louis C. Tiffany of New York, the well-known ecclesiastical artist. Mr. Henry S. Eddy of New York made the drawings in color which are reproduced in the forepart of this number of the magazine directly from the windows themselves.

The central panel portrays the days of the crusades. It shows an army of gallant knights in armor, mounted on beautiful horses and carrying spears. The standard bearer in the middle foreground is riding a pearly white steed gaily bedecked with jewelled trappings. He carries a large flag the centre of which shows the Red Cross emblem. Near the feet of this prancing horse is a fallen warrior, injured, supported by and receiving food from a faithful comrade who has jumped from his horse and, on bended knee, is loyally and gladly administering aid.

While the whole scene is suggestive of life and action, emphasis is given to the central thought that in the onrush of battle there must still be found time and means to administer to the fallen.

The window on the left was given by the women of the North. It shows Saint Filomena surrounded by an army of women symbolizing virtues. The first of these carries a shield decorated with the Red Cross. She is followed by Hope bearing aloft a banner on which is an anchor; by her side is Mercy with her gifts, and next is Faith who carries a torch and palms. Charity offers a healing draught. In the foreground is a mother holding her little child who is passing flowers from those at her mother's side. In the background is a maiden carrying the Red Cross banner.

The panel on the right is the gift of the women of the South. Like its companion panel it tells a story of noble women bent on noble deeds. The central figure is the graceful Una from Spencer's "Faerie Queene." Like St. Elizabeth of Hungary, her apron is filled with roses. Una is the personification of Truth and Fortitude. She is accompanied by a maiden holding aloft a cross and another carrying the lamp of wisdom. Behind her is carried a banner on which is a heart, symbolizing helpful love. Kneeling in front of Una is still another maid, holding a shield with the Red Cross insignia as its decoration, and following all of these maidens are others with Red Cross banners.

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For the Freedom of the Seas

TO MAINTAIN the supremacy on the sea, the Allies have been constantly on the alert. Destroyers—the greyhounds of the ocean—patrol the high seas untiringly, seeking out the deadly U-boat and convoying the great transports with their precious cargo of human lives, while the mighty dreadnaughts swing restlessly at anchor under full steam waiting—ever waiting—for the enemy to appear.

I. The South Sea Patrol
Painted by CHARLES SARKA

II. Starting a Smoke Screen
Painted by L. A SHAFER

III. A Direct Hit
Painted by J. A. TODAHL

IV. The Convoy
Painted by FRED HOERTZ

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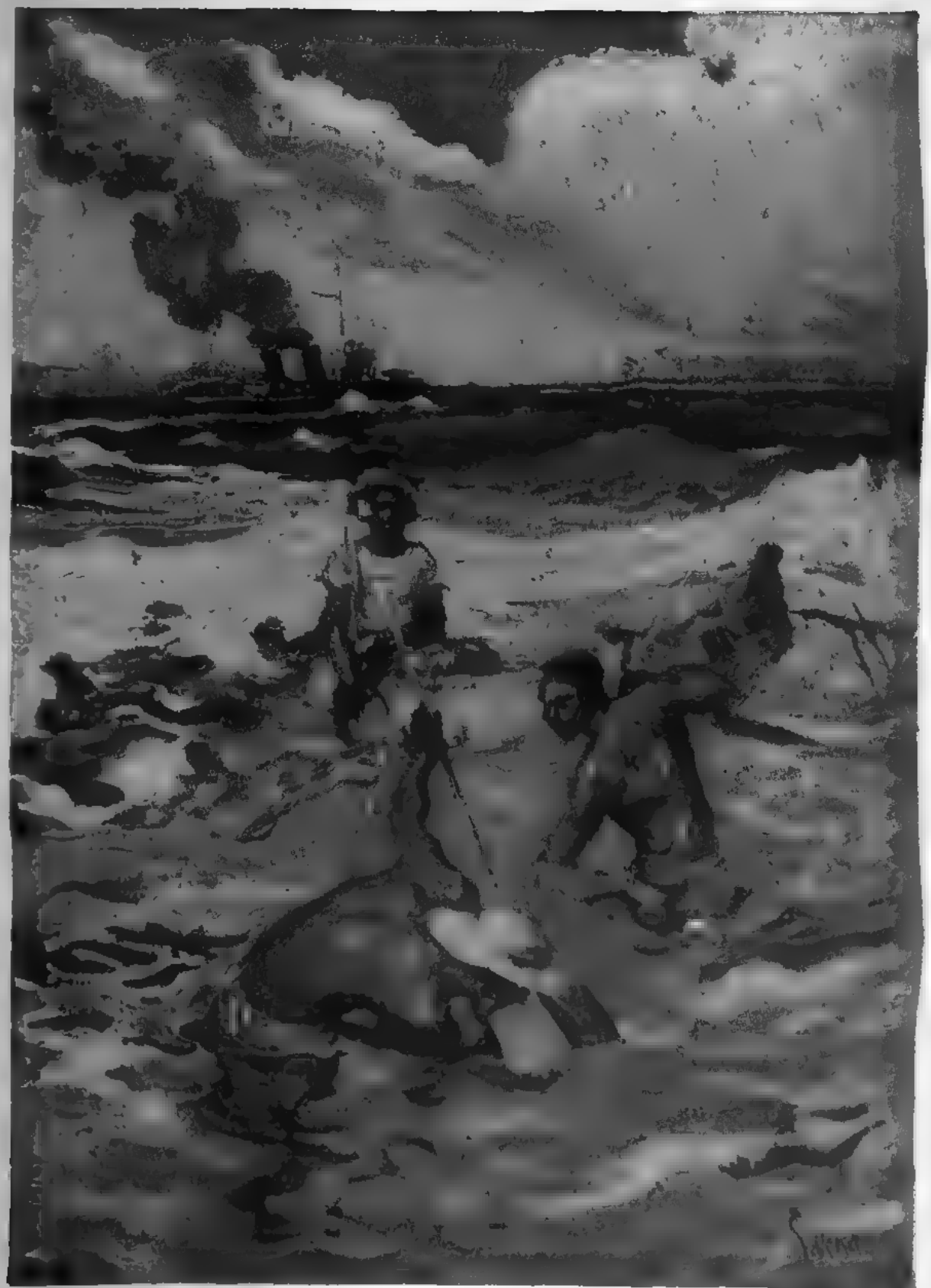

THE SOUTH SEA PATROL

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STARTING A SMOKE SCREEN

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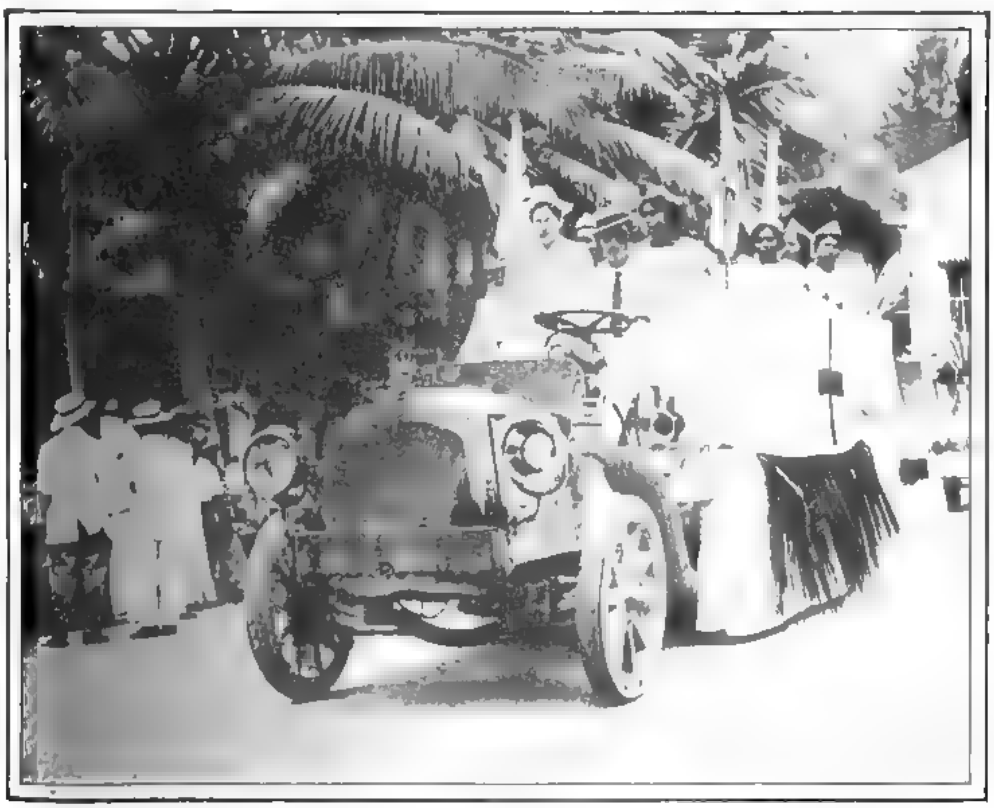
Patriots of the Mid-Pacific

Cut Off by Countless Miles of Water and Linked to Civilization Only by Cable, the Little Island of Guam—one of the Smallest of Our Insular Possessions—is Heart and Soul in the War.

By Helen L. Paul

ON AN island of the far Pacific, wild, remote, and strange, where palms throw splintered shadows on the white-hot sand, are to be found a handful of somewhat homesick but still patriotic Americans, who serve the flag and wait from month to month for mail, which comes only on Army transports outward-bound from Honolulu to the Philippine Islands.

Here is the Naval Station of Guam. In the old Spanish houses of Agaña, the capital, we tell time by the ship's bell in front of the Marine barracks, that strikes the half-hours, Navy style; our schools, filled with coffee-colored youngsters learning to speak English, are conscientiously inspected by a tall Lieutenant of the Line, and our Captain of Police is also a Major of Marines. Guam has belonged to the United States ever since the Spanish War, and is administered very much after the fashion of a Navy Yard at home. Yet after all, the military aspect of things is little more than a mirage on the torpid flow of tropical life; once our letters have been read and answered, we float, as it were, in a lotos-eating calm.



A RED CROSS FLOAT

It is a safe bet that to-day, not one of the 15,000 inhabitants of Guam does not know about the Red Cross. When one realizes that Guam is some 5,000 miles distant from the United States, one grasps the true significance of this statement!

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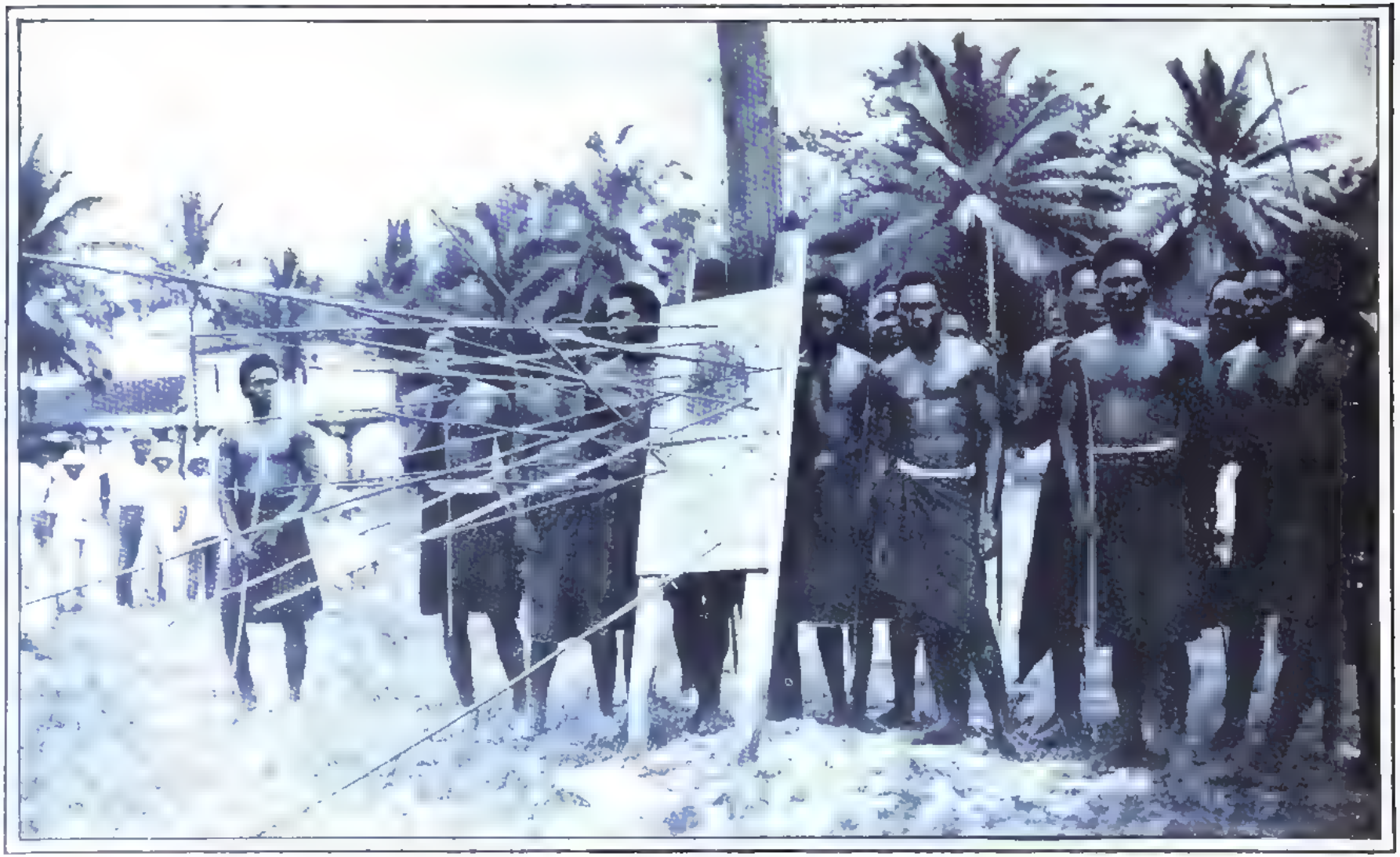

PRISONERS OF WAR

Hurling the Assegai at a fair organized for the benefit of the Red Cross These swarthy savages are residents of the neighboring German colonies in the Caroline Islands and are being held in Guam as prisoners of War

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Something, however, has awakened us from our dream; on all the streets of Agaña brown Chamorro children are peddling Red Cross stamps from house to house, and Naval Officers' wives, in the thinnest of white dresses, are busy knitting sweaters of greeny-brown wool, while in the hands of Paymaster Rose, U.S.N., lies an account of moneys recently gathered by the Guam Chapter of the Red Cross. If you search out the reason for these activities you will find they spring from incentive furnished by the Governor—and to the Naval Governor of Guam the Red Cross means something beyond the device on the flag over our Naval Hospital.

In Guam the Governor is literally Captain of the Ship of State, and his word is law; therefore, last year, when former Governor Maxwell asked the people of Guam to form a chapter of the Red Cross, they did so at once. There were meetings and First Aid lectures, but in the absence of an incentive progress was naturally slow. However, when the war broke out, our present Governor, Captain Roy C. Smith, U. S. N., stirred by accounts of the campaigns at home, called the members together to attempt something on the part of Guam.

He urged on them the necessity of doing something at once, and, since money is the only thing that can travel home from Guam with ease, he asked them to raise money, big money, first; after that he wanted new members, and many of them. The ladies assembled on the broad porch of the Officers' Club stared at each other in dismay. You see, in this tropic isle we are all comfortably poor together, from the simple brown fisherman in his wattled hut of cocoanut-leaves to the heat-blanched American woman whose faded dresses are three years old.

We have just one wealthy man on the island, and he is Japanese!

It was a lady from a small Massachusetts town who first suggested that we sell lemonade and cake at the Grand Industrial Fair, due to open on July the Fourth. Small-town method for small-town conditions; no matter how poor people are, they will always buy lemonade and cake at a fair—and this was to be the very first fair ever held in Guam!

Behold, then, set up on the Plaza between the Hot Dog Wagon and the Wheel of Fortune, a khaki tent, loaned by the Marine Quartermaster. Outside it, a big Red Cross flag; inside, surrounded by a hungry mob, a counter carrying, besides a wire cage full of cakes, a huge silver punchbowl of lemonade. From the ridge-pole swung a three-foot American flag, entirely made of solid silk crochet.

Of the thousand Red Cross tags with which we started, there was not one to be had, though you offered a dollar for it, by ten o'clock. Majors, house-boys, school-teachers, Marines, all had to have one, but when we sent post-haste to the Navy Printing-Office to ask them to make us some more, of course we found it closed for the holiday.

"Make us some more" was also the word sent back to the cooks from the cake counter. When one blushing private of marines, escorted by three hungry-eyed friends, braved thirteen officers' wives at once, and demanded a whole pie, we foresaw a busy future ahead for the author of said pie. In fact, every Chinese cook on the island wore himself to a shadow mixing pies, baking cakes, and stirring up batches of candy to be carried off to the Fair by inexorable mistresses. It was Mrs. Bartlett's Fugi, who, when she ordered a third cake in two days, demanded:

"This cake eating here, or going sell?"

"To sell, Fugi."

"All light, I makem cheap," and departed to the kitchen, muttering: "Too many eggs!"

In contrast to this parsimonious Celestial, the two Chamorro girls, on whom fell the brunt of serving refreshments to the multitude, took as much pleasure in their monotonous four-day job as though they had been acting hostesses at some tremendous "fandango" (native term for feast) of their own. Once, indeed, zeal outran discretion, as witness the following telephone conversation, overheard the second night of the Fair:

"Hello, hello, Mrs. Marchant? This is Mrs. Berkeley. Your Maria has just waked me up to get the pitcher of to-morrow's lemonade out of the ice-box. She says she needs it to sell to-night. You might have let me know you intended keeping the tent open to-night! I *hate* to be woken up like that——"

"Mercy, my dear, that girl is crazy! Why, we shan't have a thing left to sell to-morrow morning!" and coolly shutting off the Colonel's Lady in the flood-tide of her reproaches, Mrs. Marchant ordered Central to give her 146-L.

"But that's the jail, Mrs. Marchant!"

"I know it is, Central, that's why I'm calling it. Hello, Sergeant, this is Mrs. Marchant

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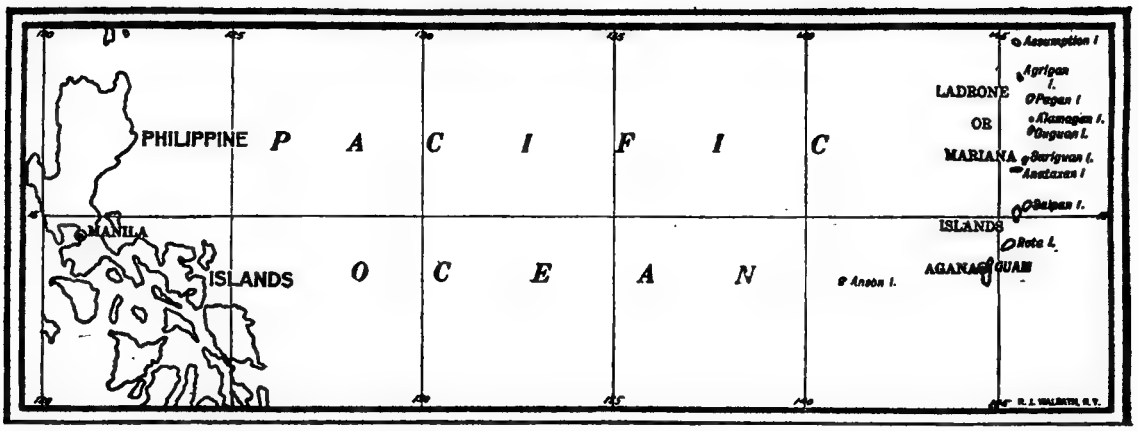

speaking. Kindly look over at the Red Cross Tent and see if my Maria is there, selling things. She is? For goodness' sake, arrest her! And tell her to stop, and come right back here, *pronto!*"

Maria came.

The money raised at the Fair, from the sale of tags and eatables, the raffle of the silk crocheted flag, donations from the Wheel, the Hot Dog, and Duck the Nigger, only whetted our ambition for more. Hence, while laying plans for an elaborate international vaudeville in which Americans, Chamorros, Spaniards, and Japanese should act together, we set about the arduous business of getting new members.

This is a matter very dear to the Governor's heart, and on which he has spent a deal of anxious thought; for, while half of this membership money goes home, the other half remains here against desperate need in disaster from earthquake or typhoon.

Finally, after much discussion, each member of the Women's Committee pledged herself to the getting of at least fourteen new members with their necessary dollars. In this work the native ladies far outshone the Americans; of course, their acquaintance in the island is, naturally, greater, but to offset it, the people they know have precious few dollars to throw away on mysterious Red Crosses: imagine the difficulty of explaining what it was all about to listeners who had never heard the names of France or England—to whom Europe was as unknown as Yap and Saipan, our neighbors, are to Europe!

They do know something about the Germans, however, from contact with the men and officers of *S. M. S. Cormoran*, a raider interned here for two years. Last April, when war was declared, the German Captain, rather than surrender to the Americans, sank his ship in thirty fathoms of water hard by Luminao Reef, but do you suppose the natives knew why? I asked that question of an intelligent high-school class here not long ago. After a puzzled silence, some one timidly ventured:

"Perhaps they were crazy."

To offset this lack of understanding, they have great faith in the wisdom of the Governor, as shown in this little incident, told by Mrs. Vicente A. Herrero:

"There was one old fellow who just nodded his head and said nothing but '*Maulig, maulig*' ('Good, good') to all my explanations and arguments. When at last I stopped talking, he considered a little, and answered me like this:

"'All you say is not clear, *amiga*, but this much I understand: the Governor is our father, and what he says is gospel. He would not tell us to do anything that was not right. So, wife, go get her the one dollar she asks.'"

Perhaps this story also explains the Governor's success in augmenting the Red Cross war fund in another way. Setting the example himself, he requested every one here in the service of the Government to put aside the sum of one day's pay for this purpose. The response was overwhelming, unanimous; Chamorro dock-hands, road-menders, and farmers giving their pittance as willingly as the enlisted men and the officers.

As to the Grand International Vaudeville, before-mentioned, such is our thirst for entertainment in Guam that any honest effort in that direction is sure, in advance, of welcome and applause. For stage—a boxing-platform in the crude barn that serves us for a movie-theatre; for scenery and decoration—con-

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AGAÑA, THE CAPITAL OF GUAM

Guam has belonged to the United States ever since the Spanish-American War and is administered after the fashion of a Navy Yard in America with a Naval Governor and staff

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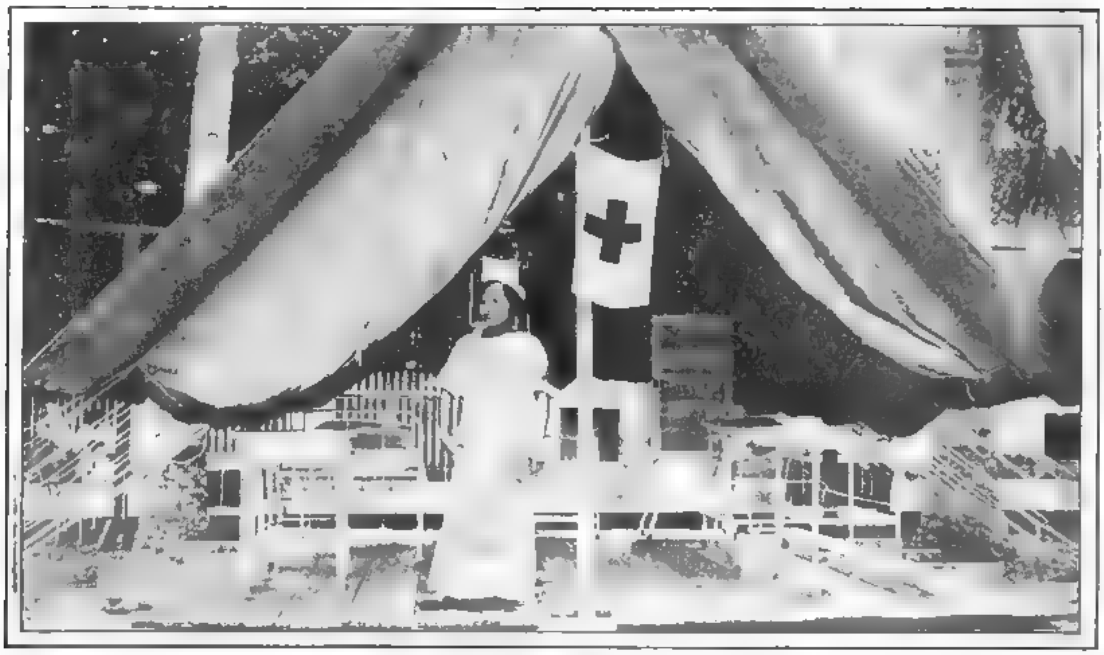

A RED CROSS EXHIBIT

The majority of the inhabitants of the island are poor, in fact there is only one wealthy man and he is a Japanese! This fact, however, did not prevent the residents holding a great Industrial Fair at which much money was raised for the Red Cross

demned khaki tent-flies, signal-flags, and palms fresh-cut from the jungle; for actors—bandsmen, débutantes, sailors, Japanese cooks and shop-keepers, wives of officers, marines, hospital-corps men and school children, brown, white and half-and-half; that was all we had to offer, yet every number on the programme achieved a glittering success.

The performance was already in full swing—songs, dances, *jiu-jitsu*, etc.,—when the Governor's Aid sought out the Lady Manager (*the author is too modest to state that she was the Lady Manager. The Editor is informed that the credit for this, as well as a great part of the credit for other undertakings, was due to her*) in the wings, and told her that a dozen country natives from Yona on the other side of the island had trailed in some ten miles that day, to sing and play in the show. It made her gasp, but she did not refuse to give them a place. They had with them an old one-stringed "musical" instrument, shaped like an archer's bow balanced on a gourd, and called, euphoniously, "balengbong-tujan." Said Manuel Lujan, their chief:

"In the Chamorro language we have only one song."

But that one must have been a marvel, judging from the yells and cheers that greeted it. It afterward appeared that it was of an impropriety to choke a censor.

"Gee," grumbled a blond Hospital Apprentice, all blacked up for a clog-dance, as he listened to the queer, raucous voices uplifted in turn chanting their epic to the *plink-plank, tangle-angle* of the balengbong-tujan, "I hate to come on after those fellows—why, they're good!"

The two performances of this vaudeville brought in some $336. a handsome amount for Guam, and now there are fresh plans afoot, we are told, such as a Pageant at the High School, to keep the needs of the Red Cross before us.

In the past, it may be that the people of Guam maintained a lamentable ignorance of the Red Cross and its works, but to-day I will wager that there is not one of the fifteen thousand inhabitants of the island who has not, some time in the last three months, heard or seen those two magic words. As I write, the evidence thereof comes up my front steps; pressing her flat nose to the wire-screened door, a little girl in camisa and long-trailing skirt, who clutches in her sticky paw a wilted sheet of stamps, murmurs in a plaintive sing-song:

"You buy Red Cross? You buy Red Cross?"

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Sally Lou Wakes Up

By Kathleen Norris

Author of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachael"

Illustrated by WILLIAM M. BERGER

SALLY LOU was born with a golden spoon in her mouth. All her life she has had just what she wanted even to a husband and a splendid son. She cares for the great world only in so far as it disturbs her regular routine. Then comes the war and Denny goes off with the first contingent.

Sally Lou resents this intrusion in the peaceful routine of her life and refuses in a moment of pettiness, to aid the Red Cross by lending her country place for a tea room. Disconsolate and lonely, she wanders down to the beach and while playing in an empty boat with her boy, the boat becomes unfastened and drifts out to sea. To make matters worse, a terrific storm arises and the boat rapidly fills.

They came in, a cortège. And in the young man's arms lay Peter with closed eyes

CHAPTER IV

NIGHT had come down with the storm, and they were in the dark, except when lightning revealed the whole world for a few seconds in a wash of baleful green brilliance. Peter had locked his sturdy little legs about his mother's waist, and his arms about her neck, and had laid his face against her own, and both were silent. Against her own frightened heart she could hear the beating of his heart.

"Are you frightened, Mother?" he asked her.

She did not answer. She found herself almost too panic struck to speak. The terrible nearness of the moment when they would both be in this racing, jade-green water, the horror of finding no help and no stability there, the futility of screaming or rebelling, all overwhelmed Sally Lou in a sort of stupor of fear. Her thoughts flew wildly.

She thought of the safe beach in the sunshine, with Ida drawing the two boys back and forth in the boat. She thought of the shady side porch, where she had been dreaming in idle security a few hours before. She thought of Denny, in his olive-drab uniform, unable to help her now, unconscious even that she needed him. And yet the hurry of her thoughts fled by even Denny as remote as unreal. The only reality was life—breath—just the right to go on breathing! Only to get safely out of this mad predicament, with the little body of Peter warm and clinging still——!

"Will it tip over, Mother?" breathed Peter fearfully.

"I don't know, dear," she whispered, her lips against his hair.

"Is it deep?" he pursued. Sally Lou shuddered at the thought of the flowing depths beneath them. At every flash of lightning she shivered, and she cowered under the rattling and cracking of the thunderbolts.

The rain had begun in a few hot, slow drops, it was deluging them now: the tearing surface

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of the river was beaten flat by it. The wind was rising every instant, and all shores and landmarks were blotted out by curtains of rain. The rowboat began to ship water.

"God, save us!" said Sally Lou, aloud. She leaned over to tear off her bronze pumps, she fumbled madly with wet hooks and clinging fabrics until she was free of everything but soaking flimsy undergarments, and her loose but enveloping linen coat. With swift little shaking hands Sally Lou turned back the sopping wide cuffs of the coat, and pinned tight her masses of dripping hair.

Terrified but silent, Peter watched his mother. He had stopped crying, although whenever he made a frightened comment upon the storm or asked a question, his tears started afresh. Sally sat down upon the running water of the seat, and held his hands as he sat opposite. And with every flash of lightning she studied the shores: which was nearest, which was easiest of access?

Caught in the roughly ploughing water, the boat tipped, and in spite of herself she screamed. Peter sprang at her, and clung tightly, crying out as she did, and although the boat righted herself, and plunged on, Sally Lou realized that she must not wait for another such frightful moment. They had shipped water, and it washed about over her feet, and the child's strangling clutch must have been fatal to them both had they indeed capsized.

Trembling, shouting in the dark rush of wind and rain, she warned him. He must wait until she got safely into the water, and then catch the shoulders of her coat firmly, and drift after her while she swam.

And thinking that in all the smother and rush of the cold water she could make no headway, and that he would instantly, lose heart and loosen his hands, again a bitter prayer was torn from her: "Oh, God, save us!"

Peter was in a panic now, and clutching her blindly; she had to hold him in her arms as well as she could, and quiet him. He must be good—she urged feverishly—he must be mother's brave, sensible boy, if they were to get safely back to Ida, and have dry clothes and a nice, hot dinner! He still trembled, listening to her desperate shouting, but he obeyed when she put him on the opposite seat again, to balance the boat, and somehow the crazy voyage continued.

Another wild onslaught of the storm, and the boat was half filled with water. Sally Lou felt it begin gently to sink beneath them.

"It is now!" she said quietly, in a clear breathless voice. "It has come!"

And she put one foot over the side of the tipped rowboat, and the quick cold rush of the water enveloped her. For the next few seconds she acted only by blind instinct, and long afterward she realized that she was talking and crying aloud all the time.

Somehow she managed to lower her body into the rough water, and clinging still to the boat she commanded Peter to climb out and catch her shoulders. The child was for a few frightful seconds too terrified to obey, but at last, in the rocking, splashing horror of the bay, he achieved the move, and they were both in the current. Sally assured herself that the plump little brown hands were really tightly clutched, and then began swimming strongly to the shore.

She was a good swimmer, and had made longer trips in the water than this one promised to be, but she was heavily handicapped now by the weight of the child, and she had no reassuring Denny, to swim beside her in the hot summer sunlight, and encourage her. More than the dimness of the late afternoon, and more than the waves and the storm, she feared her own courage. If she became frightened and lost confidence now—if she lost confidence now——

The storm was falling as rapidly as it had risen, but by a last wide glimmer of lightning she had placed the nearest shore: a flat beach not more than three hundred yards away. But she had not estimated aright the cruel roughness of the waves. Water slapped her face, swift running little billows exhausted and confused her, and the tight-gripped hands of the child began to give her a sense of suffocation. She flung back her head, gasped, shook the water from her eyes, and pushed on.

The end of the swimming came swiftly. She had not foreseen so rapid an exhaustion. At one second she was still feeling herself far from beaten, at the next she was tumbled, smothered, terrified, and submerged. Peter shrieked and struggled, and there was a ghastly moment of death agony for them both.

Then Sally Lou found herself standing, breast-deep in the water still, but standing firmly, on solid sand. Peter, still screaming and writhing, attempted in child-fashion to

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climb free, against her shoulders, into the air, and for the first few blessed moments of hope she had the difficult task of quieting him. Then he was still, his arms about her neck, their faces—where tears and rain mingled—pressed close together. Past them the waters of the river, upon which the last of the rain was quietly falling, ran swift and merciless, and a hundred feet away the rowboat, now almost filled with water, floated tipsily.

For an endless time Sally Lou stood still, panting, crying, and gasping out what comfort she could to the child.

"Mother's standing, Peter! I think we're all right now, sweetest! Oh, God—if we are! If we can get to the shore!"

She had suspected that the sand beneath her feet was merely a spit, and so it proved to be when she began her first gingerly explorations. Two feet behind her, and not more than three or four feet before, the land dropped away with sickening abruptness into deep water again. The discovery brought back all her panic, and she tasted a few moments of utter despair.

But the tide was still running out, and presently she could rest her aching arms by lowering Peter down to his own feet. It must be about seven o'clock, reflected Sally Lou. Low water was at nine; after that the hideous tide would begin to mount again. She must do something before that!

Chapter V

The rain stopped, the world was still. In the gray twilight, lit with a far band of faint yellow in the west, she could still make out the dark shore, and the rise of woods and hills beyond. She could look south, in the wake of the still drifting rowboat, to the river's wide mouth. How easily she and Peter might still have been helplessly floating there to certain death!

Slowly, cautiously, she began to investigate the spit. Southward it narrowed immediately into nothing, but northward she found it veering just a trifle toward the shore, and with wild hope in her heart she followed it. Peter, silent, frightened, but courageous, waded beside her gallantly, and in the utter stillness after the summer storm she could occasionally hear his wistful, weary little voice.

"Mother, are you frightened?"

"Not so much now, dear!"

"And will we get out of it all warm and dry, and *really* get home to supper?"

"Ah, Peter, I hope so, sweetheart!"

His lip trembled, and she felt the wet little hand tighten in hers.

"I am so tired!" he said pathetically.

"We shall love resting when we once get started!" Sally Lou said bravely. But she was so tired herself that the thought of making even the slightest effort to reach food and rest and safety caused her a great weariness of soul.

Forty feet from the shore, at its northern extremity, the spit ended suddenly. Sally Lou's exploring foot sank into deep water, and she drew back again, with her heart resuming its terrified thumping.

In the darkness she strained her eyes to measure the distance to the shore, forty or fifty feet away. She might manage that, she told herself fearfully—indeed she *must* manage it—before the rising tide lifted Peter and herself off the sand bar. It meant another struggle, another six or seven hideous minutes, but she had no choice. Unless they tried it, they must surely drown: better drown making an attempt to save herself than stand here and await the tide.

Yet she hesitated. She was weary through all her excitement, and in this precarious position at least she was able to breathe. She was frightened, and somehow terrified of her own terror. It sickened her, it turned her knees weak, and stopped her heart, to think that in this trackless waste of river she had chanced upon just this one saving ridge of sand, with deep current running on both sides of it. She felt that to plunge again into the river would surely be to lose all courage, and to drown almost without resistance, yet she must risk it. And as she stood there, trembling and so horribly alone, she wondered if this was only an especially vivid dream, she wondered if this horror of night and helplessness and unfriendly water were real.

"Shall we try it, darling!" she asked the child, panting. He drew her head down close to his own, and she heard his teeth chattering.

"Mother, I am afraid!" he sobbed.

"I know you are! I know you are, sweetheart," she answered, with a passionate ache at her heart to save him, to dry and warm and feed the shuddering, frightened baby—her baby, and Denny's baby, who had never been anything but warm and guarded and safe for the short years of his life!

She sat down, and the water flowed about her shoulders. Carefully she saw that the

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child's fingers were locked there, she warned him: he must not press her too tight. Suddenly she pushed off into the dark current, and began to swim.

The water was running with unexpected swiftness, and she had to fling back her head to keep her face free of it. She choked and sputtered bravely: she felt the strangling presence of salt water in her nose: she felt that the weight of the child was holding her body too far under, and with a desperate effort rose to the swimming level again. It was all pain, darkness, panic.

Then her sinking feet touched sand, and panting and bent over with utter exhaustion, she slung Peter's little body about, and carried him up through the shallow water, and to dry land. There she sank down, and for a few moments could feel nothing but the agony of her own breath, and could hear nothing but the rasp and drag of her strained heart.

Above her the quiet summer sky was powdered with stars; the short warm night was wheeling solemnly on its destined course. Water washed softly on the pebbly beach: the woods behind her were silent and black. A great yellow moon rose slowly over the silhouette of the trees.

Midges clouded about her: she was almost too weary to know that they were there. But she must not let them annoy Peter——

He lay in her arms, silent. Glancing at him, she suddenly raised the little form, a new fright clutching her whole body in a deathly spasm. Peter! What was it? He had not spoken—he had hardly stirred since she sank down here.

The moon was gaining power: Sally Lou strained her eyes toward the little death-like face. She knelt, and shook the child frantically.

"Peter—my darling! Baby! Look at Mother! Peter—*Peter!*"

No answer: there was no flicker of life in the small face. Peter slipped from her suddenly failing arms, and crumpled, small and white and inert, on the sand.

Chapter VI

Sally Lou looked wildly about at the dimly lighted shore, the dark woods. She looked up at the soft, silent sky, with its wheeling stars. It took her one convulsed minute to grasp the horror. Peter was dying, or already dead—the thing that she had feared from the hour of his birth was here, her baby was in danger!

And there was no one to help him but his mother—no one even to know that he was lying here! Two minutes ago she had felt the beloved little arms about her neck, and had heard the undaunted voice—now perhaps she had lost him! Perhaps there would never be any Peter any more!

Oh, where were people—where were people! Where were lights and voices and human hands and human help—she must have help! With desperate fear at her heart, and dry sobs shaking her, she began to run blindly toward the trees.

A path—here was a path—oh, it must go somewhere—oh, it must go somewhere——

Lights—streaming over the artificial thick green of a lawn—gravel under her feet—steps——

She had run into the doorway of a low-spread summer cottage, not five hundred yards from the dark silent sand where Peter was lying. She blinked at the light, her dripping feet making no sound on the floor of the wide hall.

A maid stopped her, a butler reinforced the maid. There was a murmur of protest and horror on the part of both when this apparition from the night tore free from them both. Sally Lou crossed the hall, reeled into the long and dimly lighted dining-room. There were a dozen persons at dinner.

Confusion rose like dust to meet her. A man sprang up in the gloom, and the room was flooded with brilliance. The butler touched her arm firmly and angrily, explaining with resentment that she had rushed by him—a woman's fine voice said quickly: "She's in some trouble, John."

Then the arm of an exquisitely dressed woman was about her soaked coat, and the woman's voice said: "Tell us, my dear—give her a drink of that, somebody—poor child!"

Sally Lou was in a chair. A broad, gray-haired man was beside her.

"I am a doctor," he began. She saw him in a black haze.

She dragged herself to a half-standing attitude; she tried to speak, but the voice was gone. Against his kindly ear she strained her agonized mouth.

"My baby—my baby—down on the beach! Boat—upset——"

Then she sank back, voiceless her mad hands hammering the arms of her chair. But she had said enough. She heard orders called,

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she heard running feet. The young man who had stood next to the woman had gone like an arrow from a bow: maids were running, arms were about her; the blessed, Christlike law was in operation. They were sorry—they cared—they were going to help her!

"Mother's gone down with them, they'll get him, dear—they're going to get him, and it's all right!" sobbed the pretty girl who was kneeling beside her. Somebody from behind her was slipping off the coat, and slipping on a great wooly white robe. "Run, Fred," urged the girl, "and bring us back the news!"

Fred, another girl, a school-girl this time, had no time for more than a scared assent, when there were footsteps across the porch again.

They came in, a cortège: the young man, and the gray-haired woman who had first spoken, and the maids and the old doctor. And in the young man's big arms lay Peter, with closed eyes.

"Too late; he's gone!" Sally heard a low voice say, somewhere. But the doctor had not said that, he was talking to the maids again. And as he talked they tore the last vestige of covering from the table, and the crumpled cloth, the glass and china, and the chairs, were gone as if by enchantment. It was Peter's relaxed, beautiful little body that lay there now, Peter with purple shadows about his shut eyes, and with colourless baby lips hanging open.

"Doctor—there is hope?" They all listened when the elder woman spoke; the maids, the group that had been so recently dining, and the ashen faced woman who was huddled in a great white coat, and had bent over the table, and was clinging to a small, wet hand.

"They say not!" It was his only answer, as he rolled his sleeves to the shoulder, and sternly, almost ferociously, turned the battery of his forty years of experience upon the child. After a long minute he half-turned: "Where's a drug store?"

"At the Point!" the woman said eagerly,

She had run into the doorway of a low-spread summer cottage. She blinked at the light, her dripping feet making no sound on the floor. . . .

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and the young man added "I can get there and back in half an hour—in twenty minutes!"

The doctor scrawled three words on a form, and the young man vanished. Then there was silence again, and in the big room for a few minutes the only moving thing was the doctor's squarely-built body.

The lights shone down unwinkingly, now and then a faint breeze crept in at the open glass doors and stirred the thin curtains that hung between them. The sunburned girl who had been called Fred presently tiptoed in, her young face pallid under its tan, and whispered that "everything upstairs was ready." The older girl knelt beside Sally Lou's chair, and kept one strong arm about Sally Lou's body; their eyes never moved from Peter's ghastly, putty-colored little face. But the older woman, whose face was colorless too, was at the doctor's side, eager, intense and determined, and another woman was helping him with almost a professional touch, moving the child's arms, raising the inert head, stepping noiselessly from one side of the table to another.

Minutes crept by—an invisible clock struck eight in slow musical strokes; struck the first quarter. With a rush of quick footsteps the young man was back, and the old doctor took a small package from his hand without moving his eyes from Peter's face.

Suddenly the doctor straightened up with a great sigh. All the women looked at him, and Sally Lou tried to form a question; "Too late?"

He looked at her dispassionately.

"He is breathing," he said, "Can you see that he is breathing?"

Sally Lou leaned over the sodden little form. The miracle was there. With an inarticulate protest at the pain of rebirth, Peter was breathing indeed. She heard somebody sob behind her, as in all passionate self-forgetfulness she laid her face against the doctor's hand, and kissed it through a rain of tears. Her whole being seemed to have been waiting for countless ages for just this exquisite instant. She felt her senses reel and slip in the dizzying reaction from anguish.

"He will be safe now?" she stammered. The words were unintelligible, and the older woman, with a bracing arm about Sally Lou, repeated them in a voice that was also thick with tears.

"He is all right again, Doctor?"

"Oh, surely! We shall do nicely now. He will be conscious in a few minutes, he must be gotten to bed."

Chapter VII

Warm in her loose robe, relaxed in every aching muscle of her tired body, wakeful and yet utterly at peace, she kept watch beside him. She neither knew nor cared where she was, nor who these people were. Enough that she had found them, in the hour of darkness and utter need, and that Peter was to live. Tender baby that he was, he had somehow survived the cruel hours in the water, the exposure, the suffocation, and he slept as tired babyhood always sleeps.

How many hundreds of times she had watched him so, lying with all the unconscious ease of a little gladiator, fallen in meadow grass. small arms and legs spread starfish fashion, and the beautiful little head slipped from the pillow. To-night his breast was rising and falling with all its usual regularity; the miracle called life had returned to it—

Peter, like every firstborn child, had always seemed a miracle to his mother. Sitting here to-night, in this airy upper chamber, she thought of another journey, on which she had started bitterly alone, and from which she had returned triumphant, with the tiny thing that was Peter in her arms. She remembered the close of that tortured and bewildered journey, she remembered reaching earth again after a last mighty flight into regions uncharted, and touching with a weak hand the head of a man who knelt beside her, Denny's head, and realizing that this was the hospital room—that was the doctor's face—what was it all about? Oh, there was to be a baby—

And at this point she had realized that some unfamiliar noise had been disturbing her thoughts and strangely tugging at her heart strings. Raw, bitter weeping—why, that must *be* the baby!

Hard to connect this little sleeping viking to-night with the memory of that tiny protestant of four years ago. She had *thought* that she loved that baby, but Peter, with his splendid erect body, and his cropped blond head —Peter was the very core of his mother's heart!

He was sleeping—sleeping—sleeping, utterly relaxed and confiding; kindness and goodness and care had found Peter again, after a brief incredible interval, and he had readjusted himself. About his small unconscious form the shadowy spaces of the big room showed

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here a dim engraving against a flowery wall-paper, and there the slow stirring of a thin curtain across an opened window. It was a gracious room; Sally Lou had an impression of rich cretonnes, deep wicker chairs, June roses tumbling in a splendid mass against a mirror that doubled their beauty. These people—she did not even know their names—had given the little waif of the night their prettiest guest chamber.

"They're *good*——" she said slowly, half-aloud, with filling eyes. The great-hearted woman who had overruled her servant's misgivings—the young men and women who had run in desperate speed to serve Peter—the maids who had cleared silver and linen recklessly from the path of his need—and the great surgeon who had thrown off his after-dinner leisure with his informal pongee coat, and had bent for a terrible twenty minutes over the body of a child he had never seen before.

"People are *good*——" mused Sally Lou. and she slipped to her knees, and pressed her lips against the warm, damp little hand.

But by what a series of chances they were here, in this room of infinite peace and shadows! By what special exercise of protecting grace it was still her privilege to grasp this small unconscious hand! How easily she might have failed him, might have reached the shore without him, or might have stumbled in the wrong direction, and so have missed the house—and all this divinely generous aid!

And dreaming, as she knelt beside him, her thoughts drifted to his father. Where was Denny now? How small these agonies of hers would seem to Denny, who had been carried into that strange world across the water, where hate and pain and wretchedness ruled, and were emphasized and multiplied! In the lovely fields of France that she had known, strange furrows crossed the three-year-old stubble, strange stains sank into the warm earth, and strange shadows, greater than that of any brooding eagle that had ever frightened wandering chickens, moved over them. She had not thought much of the spirit of the war, until now. It had been in discovering goodness that Sally Lou had come to have a sudden vision of its opposite. These strangers had been good to her and to Peter—indeed, goodness was the heavenly rule of all her world, and *theirs*. Being there, and being powerful, they could do no less than their utmost to save the unknown child for his unknown mother.

War—was different. It would be nobody's business to be "good" to Denny now, should mischance find him. Denny, the generous, the humorous, the dearly beloved, Denny of the yacht and the car, Denny of the million intimate minutes treasured only in the memory of his wife—might be in bitter need. Denny might be wounded, feverish, helpless; he might be dying under a wintry sky—and nobody would care, nobody could stop to care. The merciful anesthetics, the imperative operation or amputation, the weeks of nursing that might save that priceless, that precious life, how could he claim them now?

Sally Lou laid her face against Peter's hand, and her cheeks were running with tears. She seemed to see night falling over the lonely field, she seemed to see Denny's beloved brave eyes closed and sunken; her own heart tasted the utter discouragement of his own. So many Dennys—so much on all sides that was hopelessly packed with pain and loss! How could he hope for any sympathy here, how could he even whisper the message that must go to Sally Lou, and to his boy?— And she could not be there!

She felt that she was going mad. The strain of the night was too much She sat back in her chair, and laid the back of her hand against her parted lips, and stared into the dimly lighted spaces of the room with horror-widened eyes. Oh, she could have spared Peter, and she could bear to have Denny die! But to have nobody care, to have cool indifference and more pressing business rob them of the little chance to breathe—

The door quietly opened. Sally Lou dropped her hand to her lap, and shut her eyes, but not before she identified the figure of her hostess, expressing care and solicitude in every line, as the older woman cautiously stepped to a chair, and noiselessly settled herself in it. The ugly dream softened instantly, Sally Lou's breast rose and fell on a long childish sigh of relief.

After a minute she opened her eyes, and stole another cautious look at her visitor. The gray-haired woman had perhaps merely wanted to assure herself that her charges were satisfactorily settled, for she was not looking at Sally Lou now. She had opened the big flowered bag she carried on her arm, and was knitting.

And when Sally Lou saw the sleeveless, neckless gray sweater that was shaping itself

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The arm of an exquisitely dressed woman was about her soaked coat and the woman's

under the flashing needles, a sudden tide of peace and hope flooded her exhausted spirit. She had forgotten the Red Cross! Into her feverish vision of a field of agony there rumbled the great ambulances of mercy, and from them dismounted all that science could give of skill and speed and knowledge, and all that God-given love could give of tenderness and care. Ah, they would care—they would care! It mattered not that he was unknown, unidentified, without money, without friends. They would gather the shattered body together, they would shorten his pain with oblivion, they would carry him to a cool, clean bed, and put an icy and reviving drink against his hot mouth! And when he was better—for Denny must be better!—they would send him on his way with a Godspeed and tell each other gladly that he had a wife and child to welcome him home! Repayment—recognition——? They were not waiting for these. Repayment and recognition every one of these white-clad quick-fingered, tired men and women should have, but it would not be of Denny's giving!

"Oh, God bless them—God bless them!"

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voice said: "Tell us, my dear—give her a drink of that, somebody—poor child!"

Sally Lou half-sobbed, half-whispered. The watching woman looked up at her quickly.

"Feeling better?" she said, in a low voice, and with a smile.

The motherliness of it drew Sally Lou straight across the room; she went to her hostess's knee, and took a low hassock beside her. Both knew that the hour for delayed explanation had arrived.

"The girls have gone off with George to a dance at the club, and I think I will wait for them," said the older woman, comfortably. "Wouldn't you be better in bed?"

"No—o! I couldn't sleep, I'm afraid," Sally Lou said, finding her voice hoarse and thick with tears. "I don't know what I'm ever going to say to you." she stammered on. "He's my only child, you know, and his father—his father——"

Words failing, she laid her hand on the elegant gray wool sweater, and the other woman quickly put warm fingers over it.

"But you mustn't cry any more!" her hostess said.

"No—I won't." Sally Lou made a desperate effort. "Are — are they hard to

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make?" she asked, her brimming eyes on the wool.

"No—o——!" the other said, in the tone she had used to many a tearful child. "We make them for the Red Cross, you know! We're doing everything this year for the Red Cross, of course!"

"Of course!" echoed Sally Lou suddenly quite composed. And in the new dedication of herself to service, she had her first real glimpse of peace. "We—we're going to have a Red Cross Tea Room at Belvedere Bay, this summer," she said, with a little ring of triumph in her tired voice that her hostess did not understand. "It's to be in my garden. I'll tell you about it——"

The Woman's Burden

(On Being Asked, "What is Woman's Part in the World War?")

Laura E. Richards

(of the Vigilantes)

RISE up, mother, sister, daughter,
Tender maiden, faithful wife;
Rise, and take upon your shoulders
Woman's burden in the Strife!

Take the burden of a smile,
When it hurts to bring it;
Take the burden of a song,
When it wounds to sing it!
Smile and sing, and cheer them on,
Husband, father, brother, son,
To the starry splendor
Of their high surrender.

Rose-leaf girls, the summer's blossoms,
Stately ladies, jewel-bright,
Labor's strong and valiant daughters,
Hand in hand to join the Fight!

Shed no tear to dim the steel
That must gleam so brightly!
Make no moan to check the breath
That must come so lightly!
Smile, and sing, and each to each
Cheerful task and holy teach;
Others wounds upbinding,
So your own balm finding.

Rise up, mother, sister, daughter,
Tender maiden, faithful wife;
Rise and run to lift and bear it,
Woman's burden in the Strife!

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Holland, the Hungry

The intolerable conditions which exist in the Dutch Kingdom may easily be duplicated in our own country unless we force a quick victorious peace

(The writer of this letter has travelled extensively in America, of whose aims and ideals he is a firm champion. His letter from The Hague tells a graphic story of the sufferings that war has imposed upon neutral Holland. A nation truly between the devil and the deep sea.—THE EDITORS.)

The Hague, Holland.

MY DEAR H.——:

At last I am back home. After leaving New York we had a smooth voyage most of the way across, until we ran into a bad storm the last few days off the Danish coast.

It is very strange to be back here after my long absence in your grand country; both materially and mentally. The place seems like dead. Not a single automobile to be seen through lack of gasolene or rubber. The lack of coal is the most crucial problem. We simply have none and Germany will only sell it to us on the most absurd conditions. Factories are at a standstill and revolts are expected. Railroad fares have gone up 50 per cent. Both railway and trolley cars run very infrequently. The streets are badly lighted. In my house we dine at 1 P.M. (the only hot meal) and can only burn two lamps in the whole house; one in the sitting room and one in the kitchen. We go to bed with candles

OVER THE BORDER INTO HOLLAND

The aristocracy of Holland which is very powerful, is decidedly pro-German but the nation as a whole is not. Notwithstanding a tremendous German propaganda, the sympathy for France is very great

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but these are running out too. We are rationed for everything. The bread, a kind of compound, is stodgy and nasty, and the rations are too small for the working classes. Yet these people and the upper classes suffer least for the one gets all sort of facilities and distributions, and the other has the means and ways to get supplies; but for the middle classes who live on a small fixed income, times are very bad. All classes fear and tremble at the coming winter without fuel. It is a terrible problem and Germany holds us in her grip. She knows we have no coal and simply can't exist without it, and she also knows we have had to kill part of our stock through lack of fodder. She now is willing to sell us a little coal to be paid in gold with the mark at the full normal price and to buy beef on credit with German State bonds as a guarantee. A lovely bargain! And yet we will probably have to go in for it. Coal is all-important.

The miles and miles of hothouses, from which we provided the whole world with plants and flowers, have had to be given up and many people are ruined. The worst to me seem the revolts and the risings which necessarily will come when the mob and the unemployed get too restless. The cavalry, it is expected, will be called back from the field and be stationed in the larger towns. Now that you are in the war you will realize a little what it means to a small country like ours of just about six million inhabitants to support a mobilized army of 500,000 men. Our government does all it can. The little woods we had were rapidly hewn down to provide fuel, but a new law has forbidden that. In fact everything is forbidden and regulated, and as far as that concerns us we might as well live in Germany. The fear of Germany is large here and great uneasiness is felt that sooner or later we may get involved in the war, which of course would be the total ruin of our country. It is difficult to get an exact idea of conditions in Germany. In the big towns it seems very bad, but in the country fairly good. The army seems stronger than ever, and its spirit quite as good as in the other countries. I don't think several thousands of your men would make much difference, but a whole fleet of airplanes, an *overwhelming* force, might do marvels. May it come soon!

The news from Belgium, as far as we can get it, is simply atrocious. Tuberculosis and starvation are rife. It is too awful. You can't understand how loathsome this neutrality is to me and to the majority of our people, but situated as we are it is the only policy. The aristocracy, which is so very powerful here, is decidedly pro-German, but the nation as a whole is *not*, notwithstanding all the German propaganda here and the indignation against England for many of the measures she takes. Yet we sell equal parts both to England and Germany, but England finds it difficult to get her supplies across. We had a contract with both for fish. The fish for Germany left at once in ice wagons. The fish for England often remained here for some days and arrived totally spoiled. We have had to start killing our stock, which sends the prices of butter and cheese up still higher. Two thousand cows and 1,000 calves will be sent to England and an equal amount to Germany. Most articles about Holland in your papers are so terribly one-sided and ill informed.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

After my stay in your marvelous country I am full of enthusiasm about America, its kind friends, the wonderful things I saw and heard, but my enthusiasm gets the cold shoulder here. "America went to war because the Wall Street men were afraid their money would be lost, and though pretending to be democratic and fighting for a world's lasting peace, she is going to starve the small powerless neutrals who try to keep their heads above water." This is about the prevalent idea! Some of my friends marvel I did not marry an heiress, as if rich American girls were an article of export! You may be certain I stand up for your country on my very hind legs and tell of the great idealism and self-sacrifice I found among you. I even went so far as to say their own petty outlook on life and "save-your-bacon" policy gave them such a poor opinion of others. But then to most of us your country is an enormous riddle, and I am only too glad that I came over and saw things for myself. Many American friends gave me an insight into your life and character and national customs which was more precious to me. I want to thank you once more for all your kindness and fellowship which I appreciated immensely. Were it possible at present I would certainly go back to your country—but I do not feel justified at leaving my country just now when things are going so badly. My family are delighted to have me back, and in this respect

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ON GUARD AGAINST FOOD RIOTS

"Not a single automobile is to be seen here (The Hague) through lack of gasolene or rubber. Factories are at a standstill. Railroad fares have gone up 50 per cent We are rationed for everything . . . and the rations are too small for the working classes. The worst seem the revolts which necessarily will come when the mob gets too restless"

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I think we are somewhat different from you. Not that you don't love your family and vice versa but you are more independent and don't cling as much to each other as we do over here. Each person is an entity with you, much more than with us. Its good side is that everybody is judged according to his own merits and not, as over here, by his relations and money. They always talk about America as being the dollar country but over here it is quite as bad if not worse. It is terribly small and narrow and I wish a great wave of democracy would come over us. Perhaps it may. Anyway, revolts and uprisings are sure to occur and the social-democrats, as in all other countries, are getting much more powerful.

THE NEED FOR AID

At the office of the Allied prisoners any amount of post cards of thanks have come in for the relief sent out, and you may imagine it is a great satisfaction to me that I was able to contribute a little. Yet the appeals are equally numerous. A friend of mine has over thirty little French children from the occupied territory, in a country house nearby. Another friend is very busy getting little Belgian tubercular children across here. Their condition is indeed appalling. Just now the German authorities, perhaps aghast at their own crimes, are somewhat more lenient in allowing them to leave. Of course it is a tremendous burden on us, and as the pinch grows worse we must do more for our own people, who are getting jealous and discontented, and can do less for others. I feel the utmost compassion for this poor, peaceful, down-trodden people, the Belgians. It is more terrible than one can possibly imagine and it is a question of life and death. I wish I could write to some of your very wealthy people, to whom a few thousand dollars really does not make much difference, about conditions, for young precious lives that later on can build up Belgium might be saved if sufficient help were sent. When I hear all this again and see things for myself, I wonder whether it is not my duty to leave home once more, and do all I can in your country to stir up the people and get help.

According to official statements, there are 40,000 German deserters in Holland. At first these people were kindly received but they proved to be of the very worst sort. Germany opened all her prisons and penitentiary colonies to serve in the army, and these specimens seem the first to desert. Quite a number had to be interned as they made life unsafe. Besides these we are simply swamped with wealthy Germans who come to our hotels and are loud and arrogant. I am afraid some day I will have an open row with one of them. I could slap their faces. Then we have thousands of Russian prisoners, who have escaped. At Rotterdam alone there are 6,000, who are anything but orderly and peaceful. And all these people eat and eat, supplies get less and prices go up, so that a crisis must come some day. British prisoners do not escape very often as they are employed less on farms and in factories, but a good few Frenchmen and Belgians make their way over here. The Hague is quite a kaleidoscope, and we are overrun with German spies and agents who work and work untiringly. The French have opened an office and a bookshop here, and a young author is running it. Two Frenchmen travelled through Holland lecturing and to our great joy the Queen received them, which is quite remarkable, as Her Majesty has not received any unofficial foreign people since the war broke out. The sympathy for France is very great here notwithstanding the Germans do all they can to undermine it by spreading reports of French atrocities, etc., It is the same as in your country. So, I am afraid with all this the sufferings of Belgium are put in the background, as well as the poverty and starvation which are increasing terribly after three years of German domination. I wish the United States could open an office here too, or at least send over some literature and official statements to influence public and press. You get much news, but you ought to send out news too. I am so terribly disappointed people here utterly fail to see America's point of view. It is an awful shame.

The longing for peace is very great with us and people are apt to overlook the enormous principles and the future involved in this war. Some also feel, that since it will be impossible really to beat the Germans, unless at the cost of total ruin and exhaustion of all nations concerned, except perhaps your own, it would be more wise to come to some sort of a mutual understanding. Yet I can't help feeling the longer the war lasts the worse Germany's condition will become, but at the same time Belgium will be totally and forever ruined. We here are so much nearer to it all, and hear so much from all sides, not to speak of the

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MOBILIZED AGAINST EMERGENCY

The cost of maintaining an army of 500,000 men constantly mobilized has imposed a tremendous strain upon the finances of a small nation like Holland—with a total population of but 6,000,000 inhabitants. However, the lack of fuel to continue her industries is Holland's greatest problem

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REGISTERING BELGIAN REFUGEES

In addition to the problem of feeding her own population, Holland is caring for thousands of Belgian refugees. Then there are 40,000 German deserters and many Russian prisoners who have escaped from Germany to be taken care of

muffled boom of the cannon in Flanders, which can be distinctly heard on quiet evenings. And in the midst of this all, tiny Holland remains still a small oasis of peace. How long this will last God only knows. Our country has never passed through a time of greater humiliation than the present, but it would be national suicide to change our policy. The more serious minds, however, are much alarmed, not so much at the material privations, as at the conditions of the unemployed now that all factories gradually have had to stop work through lack of coal. Is it not awful to think that in all other countries all people work at full speed and that here thousands are forced to loaf? I feel exactly the same, and would love to go to France or somewhere, just to help as far as my strength and knowledge go. Soon we are to receive 8,000 British prisoners from Germany and 9,000 German prisoners from England to keep until the end of the war. They are to be put in camps as far as they are not taken care of by private people. For the British people it will be a tremendous relief, but for the German prisoners it means getting into worse conditions. I wish I had a larger house and more money to nurse some of the British prisoners back to life! Building is at a complete standstill and the rental for houses, especially here at The Hague, has gone up incredibly. Of course, like in other countries, some business men and people who had the right shares, have made enormous profits, but the nation as a whole is suffering terribly, and I feel much for small and decent families with limited incomes who can't make both ends meet. One wonders, what the outcome of it all will be, and one can't help being filled with a bitter and righteous indignation against that mad nation which brought all this misery over the whole world by sheer lust of power and dominion.

I envy you and all your compatriots to be able to help in this world's struggle. Back here I remember the many talks we had and I hope all the good fortune that the soothsayer at Hero Land promised will come true, as indeed it must!

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With the Eyes of Love

By Renė Benjamin

(Translated by Beatrice Washburn)

Illustrated by WILLIAM B. KING

NEARLY every city of France has its own regiment which it has given to the Nation and to which it sends supplies, clothing and ammunition, as a mother sends presents to her child. The wounded, when they are rested, come back to the mother city for new weapons, for knapsacks and for bullets. They rest for a little while, long enough to taste the wine of their own province, then they go away again and, back in the trenches, on quiet days, they smoke their pipes and dream of their own city, miles away from the firing line.

But there are some few cities that have no soldiers; cities bathed by the sea where the salt winds blow and where sailors, instead, of farmers, form a great part of the population. The regiments of these cities are the fleets of battleships. They are not imprisoned in cheerless barracks but gathered in the open air, in a great harbor, under the open sky. Cruisers, bridges, decks, masts, top-masts—from where one sees the horizon—instead of troops in barracks a great fleet of men and vessels, destroyers. It is most interesting to see one of our great ports, like Toulon, when the ships come back to her, tired and faded.

Close to the city that protects them, that watches over them and that thinks continuously about them; they seem very quiet and harmless; these warriors of the sea with their great, heavy decks. A thin line of smoke escaping from their stacks is the only sign to prove that they are still alive. They are dressed for war, no names upon their prows, their cannon muzzled with leather sheaths. How strong they are, and mighty, as they sit there on the water! And seeing them so calm, immobile and stolid, you wonder if they are really battleships at all, or only islands; if the sea is carrying them on her bosom or only bathing their shores.

And the city loves them also; they belong to her and she is admiring them from all the windows of her tall, narrow houses, that crowd about the quay, as though to watch them the better. I have seen them from the decks of those little ferry boats which run down the Seine from Paris: boats so pitiful with their century-old bodies, their peeled-off paint, and their thin smoke stacks that you think that each of them "must surely be a piece of wreckage."

One day the sea was lazy and we slipped along in the soft breath of a gray evening. I was watching the people on deck and saying to myself, "one would never think we were at war." Their eyes were dreamy; a sort of vagueness of spirit marked their features—due to that sense of peace and indescribable laziness which seizes us all when we float over quiet water. Men and women, they all looked as though they were dozing. We passed a Russian battleship, with five stacks, bizarre and compelling. There came toward us transports painted gray, great merchant ships transformed, powerful and lovely, among the dearest of our possessions, bearing the names of our cities, showing our strength and our force, which, in times of peace have carried so many travellers to enchanted countries, and now, in their war colors, are waiting to carry soldiers and cannon to Saloniki. Our little boat sailed slowly along all this beauty and richness of maritime France and suddenly I heard a soldier near me say to a woman at his side:

"How beautiful it is! How good it is to be back! Do you not think it wonderful, *my* harbor, and do you not love it?"

I turned around but I could not see him very well, only his profile. I noticed also that he wore smoked glasses though it was not a bright day, although the sky was clearing and the clouds slowly dispersing, while the setting sun showered us with a rain of gold in which we could faintly distinguish the drops, for it was already evening. The young woman to whom the soldier had spoken opened a mauve umbrella and tenderly shielded her

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friend, and as I was looking at them with unconcealed interest she gave me an indescribable look—a look supplicating and troubled which I could not understand but which revealed to me all the beauty of her eyes. And what a charming face! Black, luminous eyes, a smooth, white skin, and, beneath her eyes, half hidden in the clear skin a little, delicate, blue vein which beat with every throb of her heart. I had only to look at them to realize that they were lovers. Her face was very sad but his was full of tenderness and poetry and a certain sense of the beautiful. Although he was speaking in a low voice the breeze brought me every word. He was saying to her:

"Dearest, you don't know how wonderful it is to be once more among these familiar things. And you, tell me if you——"

She replied in a low, expressionless voice, "Love, I am happy."

"How I love you—but see how pretty that is, over there—with the sun shining on it!"

She answered, in a still lower voice, "It is very pretty." I noticed that the parasol trembled in her hand. He continued:

"See, there, opposite us, at the entrance to the harbor!"

"Dearest, I see everything," and she put her hand on his and looked at him as though there were nothing else to see. Then, very softly, he whispered to her a few words of tenderness and thanks and then continued, in a loud, cheerful voice:

"Ah, to come out of those freezing trenches, that stifling hospital, and to feel once more the sunshine on my shoulders! See, darling—look, where I am pointing out there!"

She made a little, nervous gesture. "The big battleship hides everything——"

We were passing, it is true, one of those enormous monsters of the sea—and he stammering a little, cried out—"Ah, a battleship? But when we have passed it you shall see——"

He was silent for a little while and I saw, by the way he held his head, that he was listening with a more delicate acuteness than ours to all the different sounds. Then he cried:

"Dost thou see the gulls?"

"I see them."

"Charming things, watch how they fly about the big battleships! They are completely surrounding them—protecting them and guarding them. They are like little bits of happiness on wings, pieces of poetry poised on those iron rails. And when the sea is blue, as it is to-day—with the sunlight, see how their breasts, their little white breasts, reflect the blue when they fly!"

"It is true," she replied, "they are very charming. But we are landing now."

"Do you see the city," he cried quickly.

"Indeed I do."

"Did you imagine it would be as beautiful as that? See how it rises in terraces above the water."

"Yes, yes—I see!"

"And that jolly smell of brine and of tar. They are all here, our battleships. Tell me—don't they look handsome this evening?"

"Very handsome."

"Ah, but it is a beautiful place—my country!"

And with these words he arose, just as the boat was reaching the quay. The girl took his arm, very gently, almost I thought, with a gesture of compassion. The sun, resplendent and lonely in the sky, bathed with its red gold the sea, the pier, the people and the city. It was a glorious evening so full of light that one could not help but hope—a prelude to victory, which one could not even doubt. Slowly, and close to one another, the two lovers walked down the gangplank and when, as they reached the wharf, his foot stumbled and he almost fell, a laboring man, who had been watching them, as I had, turned to me.

"These are hard times, Monsieur," he said, "but there are some fine people still left in the world. That gentleman, Monsieur, is blind."

He raised his hand to his hat to salute him and added: "It happened at the attack of Champagne. I used to know him. He comes from here. The girl is his trained nurse whom he afterwards, married. He is bringing her to his home. He—he is showing her everything, and she does not want to seem—to seem—she does not want us to know—that he cannot see."

He shook his head, as a man of the world who has seen much, then he said simply:

"That, Monsieur, is what I call real heroism. And you will find that everywhere—in France."

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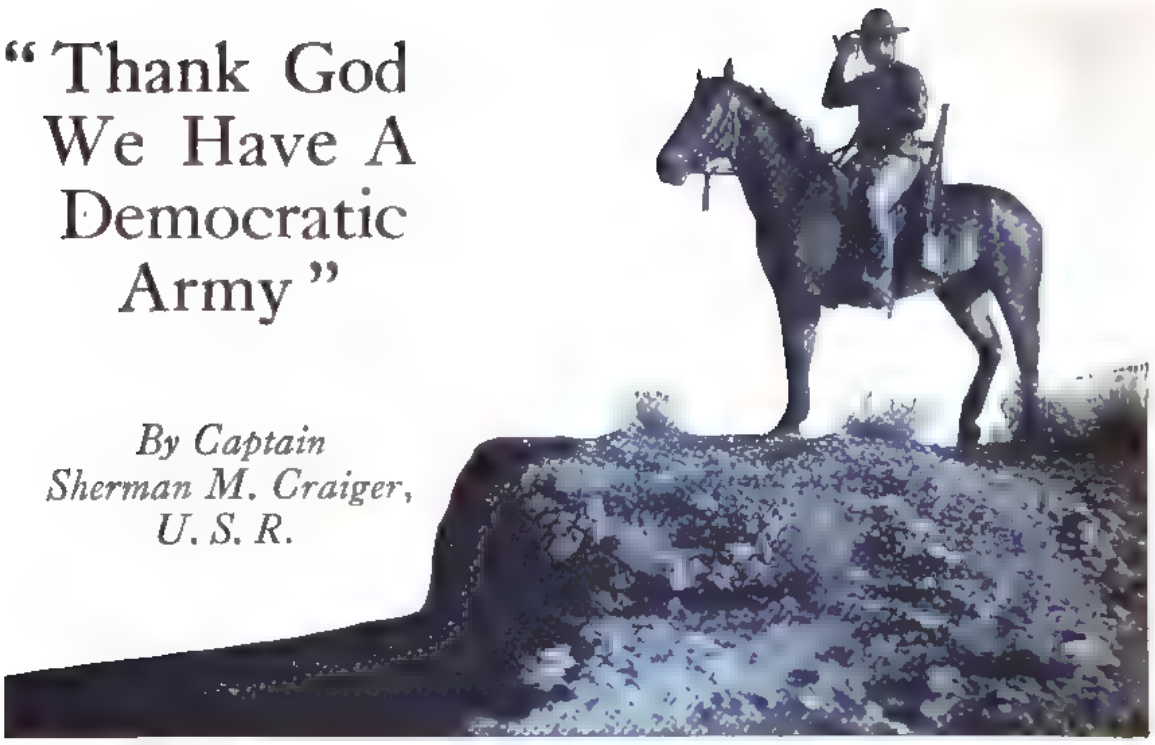
"Thank God We Have A Democratic Army"

By Captain Sherman M. Craiger, U. S. R.



NO SOCIAL distinctions will influence my recommendation for commissions. Wire pulling will do no good. I don't intend that worthy boys be kept in the ranks, holding down non-commissioned jobs, while some fellow walks into a commission through a political pull!"

This ringing declaration, indicative of the new spirit of democracy in the army of the United States, was made by Brigadier General Price, commander of troops at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. It was by way of reply to my query about the leveling of class distinctions as a result of the new methods in vogue for raising our national forces. The earnestness with which the General answered me left no doubt of the truth of what he said.

We walked out to the athletic field toward evening, and what my eyes saw convinced me that there never has been such a comradeship as exists now throughout the great military camps of the country. I saw officers and men actually playing together like schoolboys. Leap-frog and tag, the games of my childhood, were claiming the attention of many, and the most sedate among them acted like children.

There was no doubt that they enjoyed it, for they romped and laughed like boys. Every one had laid aside hats, blouses and other unnecessary articles of clothing, and set out to enjoy to the utmost the diversions suggested by the athletic directors, all the time gaining in muscular development. It was a sight that probably would not be met with in any other army in the world.

"This takes their minds off the grim business they're here for," explained the physical director who had drawn near to talk to us. "Look at that six footer over there," he pointed out; "he's wiry and hard as nails. He is the son of a farmer in Ohio. The little chap next to him is, or rather was, the spoiled son of a millionaire banker in New York. But he gets no favors here. It's hard work all day, the same for him as everybody else. He and the farmer boy are great pals. Every man is on an equality here, and we give them special recognition only when they excel out of the ordinary."

There was a whole sermon bound up in this, I reflected, as I made my way back to headquarters, marvelling how the spirit of fraternity and brotherhood pervades the ranks of the military service.

After the evening meal I strolled along the company streets and talked with the men. All were smiling and happy, although a few complained that the discipline was severe, because they had not been accustomed to it. Except for this all agreed that they would not know they were in the service.

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One manly fellow showed me a letter he had just written his mother, and gave me permission to quote some of the sentences. He said so many things in corroboration of what General Price had told me that I felt truly caste was a thing of the past in the service.

"The longer I remain in the National Army, the more convinced I become that it is a real democratic institution. The caste which at one time existed in the military service, according to novelists and short-story writers, has been relegated to the background, and so completely rooted out of army life that not a trace remains," he continued.

"Among the officers and men there is a genuine spirit of comradeship that becomes stronger each day and which serves more than anything else to generate power. The real democratization of the army has taken place, and we shall never go back to the old way. The soul of America is not degenerating, and the great heart of the United States is beating regularly and with the same vigor that made America the envy of the world in the days of '61."

In speaking of the men's attitude toward the officers, he said that their company commander was especially beloved. "He's always doing something, trying to make us more comfortable and efficient. One evening after mess we were sitting around, some whistling and others singing, when the Captain came along.

"'Here's a start toward a band,' he said, stopping to listen. 'I'll see what can be done,' as he walked on.

"A day or so later he slipped away for an afternoon. That night he returned with horns and drums, and a bandmaster. Fifteen of the men at once volunteered and a band was organized without delay.

"Their first piece was 'Officer of the Day,' a march full of snap, by Arthur Pryor, and they played it with vim. Indeed, a lot of darkies employed as laborers around the barracks couldn't keep their feet still, and for half an hour gave us an exhibition of real Dixie shuffling.

"Everybody here is trying to help his neighbor. We have a lot of Italians, many of whom don't understand English. Those having a little knowledge of our language are put to work in the kitchen, and, under the careful guidance of the cooks (many of whom worked in hotels and are linguists), will probably learn to master English before long."

Extensive observation of conditions in military camps and throughout the service generally leaves no doubt that an entirely new spirit has been developed in the army. While discipline has in no essential been relaxed, it

What a Great Soldier Thinks of Our New Army

MAJOR-GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL, formerly commanding the National Army at Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I., says: "The new National Army is the real democratic army for which regular army officers have been pleading for generations. And, if I know the men at Camp Upton, it is a fighting army.

"I wish you could know how the spirit has been developed at Camp Upton. You would understand what sort of an army you are going to have. Camp Upton is a great democracy, and there is no room there for autocracy. We have a truly national army.

"Do you know that the regular army officers have been pleading for years for a democratic army? We haven't had it; do you know why? We have had a hired army. There have always been two separate and distinct classes in the army—the officers and the men. Too many men came from elements in society which had no reverence for authority and little for law.

"But now, thank God, we have a democratic army. We have an army where no man shirks, but everyone does his utmost to help. Do you know that among the troops at Camp Upton—there have been more than 30,000 of them—for a period of two months, we did not have a single court-martial? We had no court-martial because nobody did wrong intentionally. This is a situation without precedent in the army, and deserves the highest praise."

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OVER THE TOP

Embryo soldiers learn the rudiments of battle amid peaceful scenes "far from the madding crowd"

is evident that it is being exercised in a different manner. Perhaps I can best make this clear by saying that the men themselves appear to realize thoroughly the importance, even seriousness, of the task before them, and are bending every energy toward a mastery of the work in hand at the present moment.

Discipline there is in plenty, but, to an extent not dreamed of hitherto, it is self-imposed. The men, in other words, are keenly alive to the necessity of acquiring the rudiments of military training in the shortest possible time, and are coöperating consciously with their superiors in an endeavor to help realize the goal. They are alert, full of concentration and determination, and meet the officers more than half way.

This makes the task of the latter a far simpler one. Moreover, it has an important reaction on the officers, buoying them up to new standards and achievements. The result is a decided quickening of the spirit and *éclat* of the Army. The feeling pervades the rank and file that all are coöperating fully and freely to a common end, understood and appreciated by everyone. It is a mighty task, but willingly self-imposed and overwhelmingly mastered and made effective. Certainly a body of men with such an attitude of invincibility will prove of no mean weight in the crucial

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BARRACKS

In great wooden barracks such as this one in an aviation training camp, the great army of the democracy is housed during its period of training

hour. There is a newly born power in the Army that augurs the brightest.

At Camp Meade, General Kuhn, the commander of the troops, has let no opportunity pass to prove his devotion to the principle of equality. All men there are on the same footing. It makes no difference whether one belongs to a former National Guard organization or is a selected man, his treatment is identical with that of every other soldier.

The story is told of a bumptious volunteer, promoted to mess sergeant, who undertook to reflect on the selected men. When the latter entered a mess hall, a dispute arose as to whether they should be served with a meal at that particular hour or later. The mess sergeant decided that they should wait, and made a slighting remark about the conscripts

The corporal in charge of the latter properly resented the observation and went so far as to strike the sergeant. Only the timely interference of those near by prevented a scuffle. The matter was reported to the colonel of the regiment, however, and the latter carried it to the chief commander

General Kuhn promptly summoned the offending mess sergeant, and after hearing

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both sides, administered a well-deserved rebuke to the tactless mess sergeant. This restored good feeling in the Camp, and convinced all of the fairness and impartiality of the commanding officials. "A man's a man for aye o' that!" exclaimed General Kuhn afterward in speaking of the incident.

Not only are the men given a square deal, but the opportunity to win a commission is open to the alert.

There is always keen competition among the soldiers at the Camp to be recommended as candidates for shoulder straps. Hundreds of men are working tooth and nail to win commissions. It makes no difference whether a man is a cook, washes dishes, assists in cleaning up the camp, writes letters at headquarters for the officers, or is orderly to the commanding general, all are on the same basis as regards their availability for commissions.

Thus, in walking around the Camp, it is not surprising to stumble on men in out-of-the-way corners of Y. M. C. A. buildings or barracks, poring over drill regulations, textbooks on infantry or artillery fire, field service regulations and other manuals. Their evening and recreation hours are being devoted to serious study, for it is realized that the fittest will win. The thought that influence or politics can have no bearing upon the result of the recommendations made by the camp officials is stimulating the men to unusual exertions, and a healthier rivalry would be impossible to imagine. It is out of such material that the future officers of the Army will be made, and theirs is a determination to win whatever the cost, a spirit that bodes success for the leadership of our troops.

Since the beginning of the present war, there has been an almost continuous policy of promoting non-commissioned officers of the Regular Army to commissions in the National Guard and the National Army. Any soldier who has acquitted himself creditably, and won

"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY"

As we know, makes Sammy a dull boy. Consequently to take his mind off the grim business of war, relaxation and healthful exercise are emphasized most strenuously in all the camps

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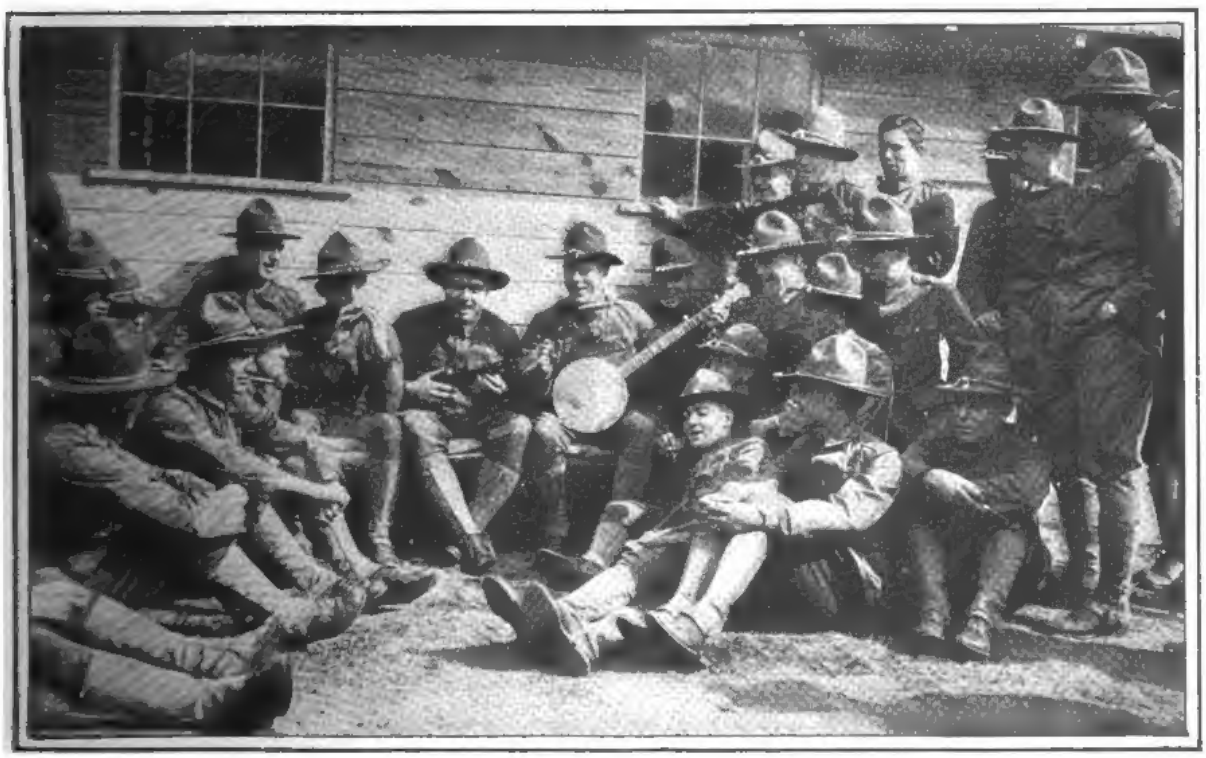
his chevrons, has had the possibility presented to him of accepting a lieutenancy or captaincy in the present conflict. Throughout the various Staff Corps of the Army, sergeants of all classes have been commissioned in various grades, some as Quartermasters, others as Sanitary Officers, Signal Officers, Engineers and in the Artillery. Those able to qualify physically for the Aviation Section have gone up the scale of promotion rapidly.

Indeed, not a few non-commissioned men in the Regular Army have declined commissions. This is an unusual spectacle, and perhaps could occur only in democratic America. However, some men to their credit honestly believe they can serve their country better by holding down the less exacting and responsible, although highly necessary, posts of corporal and sergeant. Their candor and, sometimes, pecuniary sacrifice is a remarkable tribute to themselves, and perhaps a signal service of the greatest moment to their country.

It is a stirring sight to see among the enlisted men millionaires and clerks marching side by side. I have had intimate contact with military organizations where this condition prevails, and cannot refrain from expressing my profound admiration of the good will and fine spirit existing. But for the incident of war, it would be difficult, even impossible, to conceive of very rich men laboring side by side with their poorer associates. Yet I recall one case of a man commonly spoken of as belonging to the most exclusive of families in the land, of large wealth, a member of the exclusive clubs in the great cities, enlisting in one of the corps of the Army.

His education, attentiveness to duty, and keenness soon won him a sergeancy, and to-day he is working shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, some of whom are poor men. There is never a suggestion of wealth or position about the man, or anything to bespeak his riches. He is exceptionally hard-working, cheerful and dependable, but unless pointed out specifically would otherwise attract no particular notice among a group of soldiers. Yet he can sign his check for practically unlimited sums.

Every member of his organization entertains the highest respect and liking for him, as he is thoroughly companionable, entering into the sports and fun of his comrades with keen zest.



A SYMPHONY IN O. D. (olive drab)

"Music hath charms—" we are told and this enjoyable side of the soldiers' life has been encouraged under the leadership of well-known choristers

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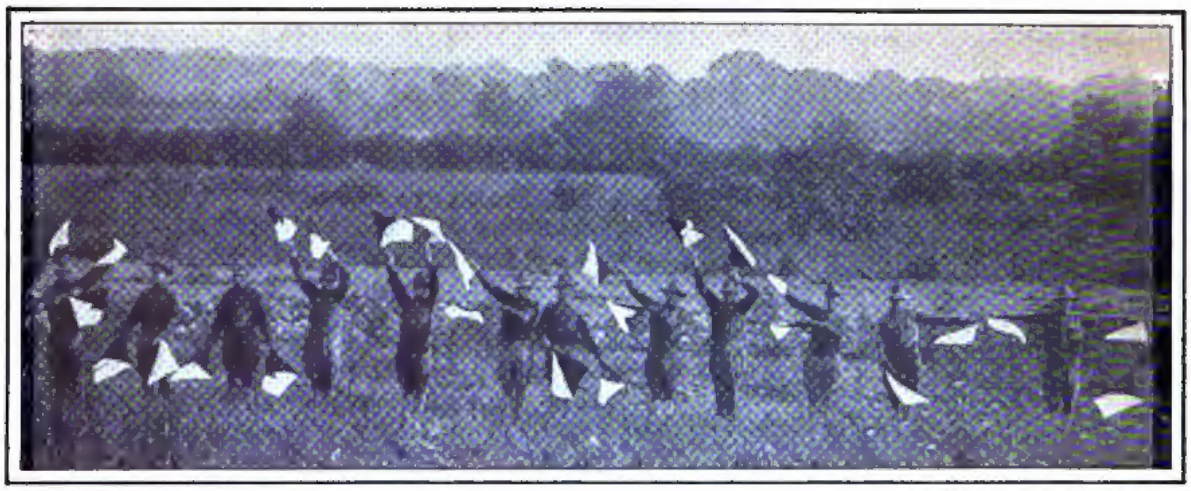

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VIA "WIRELESS"

Several methods of signalling are used in the Army. The Morse Code of dots and dashes and the semaphore code are taught enlisted men early in the game

One would never know from any word or suggestion of his that his family life had differed materially from that of the poorest man in the command. It is a rare example of the complete abolishing of the spirit of caste in the service, and bodes well for the success of our military enterprises.

If this particular individual had not possessed the gift of leadership he would not have been promoted sergeant. There are not a few organizations where brokers, shoemakers, actors, bricklayers, artists and day laborers have been assigned to the same companies. They all live, eat and sleep together in tents or barracks, and are on an identical footing. When promotions came, it developed that the carpenter or bricklayer had the happy faculty of leading men, and they and not the brokers and actors were given commissions and put over the millionaire and his kind. The Army now is most democratic.

The newly arrived men at the training camps in many instances have become confused, tangled and apologetic in their early efforts to learn the art of soldiering. They are quickly consoled, however, by contact with their officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned. Almost instantly they learn that their superiors are kindly, tolerant, and understanding. The officers become the guides, mentors, and friends of their men, acquiring their confidence and inspiring them to new achievements. It is no wonder that the Americans are going to France in a "We-can't-be-beaten" spirit, as one officer expressed it.

An English drill sergeant, loaned to the American Training Camp in France, declared that he was tremendously impressed by the modesty and keenness of our officers.

It is merit alone that will bring promotions to the officers of our Army. The War Department has publicly announced that every officer, including all in the Regular Forces, will be equally eligible for advancement. To get advanced rank, an officer must win on ability alone. It is safe to say that if a man is worthy of promotion, be he a professional worker, one with a skilled trade or a day laborer, advancement will come to him automatically, and he will soon be in a position to exercise command over his fellows.

Whether your boy is a private or officer, you can rest assured that he will come out of the war a manlier man. He will have more self-reliance, be more courageous, display a greater quality of fair play and justice and know better how to obey as well as to lead. The Army is a wonderful leveler. The so-called "highbrow," the "roughneck," the wise and the foolish are all on the same plane. Everyone fights for the same cause. The coal heaver's son, the banker's boy, the farmer lad, the millionaire all march side by side, sharing the same hardships, discomforts, and dangers at times, and enjoying the identical pleasures, athletics, and joys incident to a soldier's life. There is no better school in the world for teaching a young man the lessons of life than the Army, and we shall, before the war is over, owe it a never-to-be-forgotten debt.

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Our Magazine Family

THERE are 52 stars in the Service Flag of Doubleday, Page & Company, where the RED CROSS MAGAZINE is published. To each of these boys we sent a Christmas box and one of them has sent us this response which may express what some hundreds of thousands of soldiers felt upon receiving Red Cross Christmas boxes:

It's not so hard to be a soldier now:
Your touching kindliness has taught me how.
I may be drafted for a mighty scrap
To wipe the German Empire off the map;
I may be serving country, home and friend
With no reward ahead except *the end;*
I may be aiding in a glorious fight
For all the things on earth that should be right;
But bunks grow hard, and drill becomes a sore,
And discipline a stultifying bore,
And leggings rub like harness, and the guns
Inflict more torture than a thousand Huns;
And spirits lag, and one forgets his call,
And wonders why the hell he's here at all!
Then comes your box of "Goodies"—Bless the brand
On every label; you will understand.
My rustic bunkie "'lowed as how he'd ate
A-many a one—but never better—date!"
And Jorgensen, the scoundrel, thought that "yelly
Was far too good for yust a solyer's belly!"
And Skinny Darden said those smokes and things
"Was made to sweeten up the breath of kings!"
And what a joy a person can create
With just a little stick of chocolate!
And that bright book and sweetly knitted helmet—
They make me feel the world and I are well met!
But, oh, that dandy maple-sugar cow!

It's not so hard to be a soldier now!
And if I ever get a chance to fight,
And feel the cordial way I feel to-night,
Then I shall try to land a blow or two
In memory of Christmas and of You!

J. KEITH TORBERT.

LETTERS LIKE THESE

make us feel that our job in this war is worth while:

I write to say I am an invalid in a Hospital for two years and never have I read anything that has given me so much pleasure and information as your Magazine. I am so full of enthusiasm over it I took the liberty and opportunity of telling you how I feel about it.

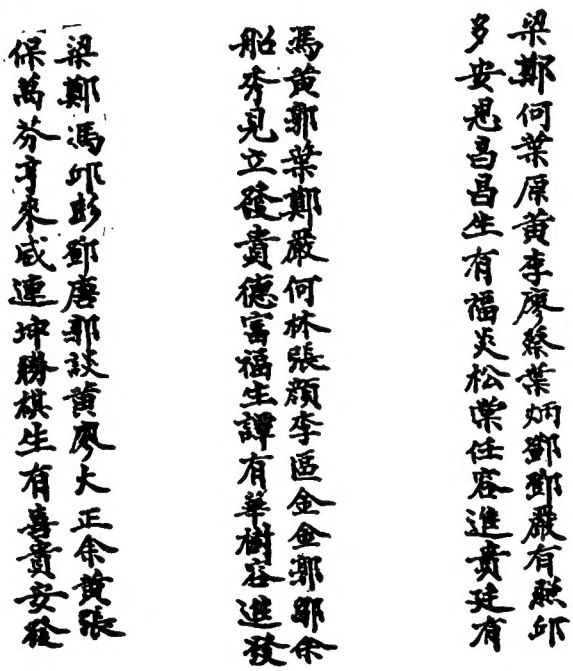
My only boy is now in France, musician in ——Infantry Regiment, and if I can't send him the Magazine I can quote some of the beautiful things in it to him. I hope the war ends soon but I hope the Magazine will go on and be a great means of education that I feel it will. I trust the Magazine lasts and lives on after I do and I say these things about it sincerely. I wish everyone could feel as enthused about it as I do.

Here is another:

In answering our Honorable President's plea for the support of the Red Cross Society in August, 1914, I unconsciously subscribed to what has become The Humanitarian Text Book—and, truly a course in good citizenship. Your efforts have indeed been fruitful. May they never be otherwise. As I am desirous of making my children good citizens, I am subscribing for a life membership so that they will read and get the benefits that are bound to accrue from so bounteous a source.

THE LATEST ADDITIONS TO THE MAGAZINE FAMILY

are these fifty-three names of Chinese subscribers which have just arrived. We trust we are printing them right side up but cannot be sure.



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$1.00 PLUS $1.00 EQUALS $2.00

But one annual membership plus another annual membership for the same person does not equal a Magazine membership. We are receiving many letters from persons who took out two annual memberships during the Christmas Drive and expect to receive the RED CROSS MAGAZINE thereby. We are sorry but it cannot be done.

If you joined the Red Cross during the Christmas Drive as an annual member and wish to have your membership raised to the Magazine class, you may do so by handing an additional dollar for that purpose immediately to the secretary or treasurer of your local branch or chapter. *Please do not send the money to us.* It is necessary for the Chapter records that the additional dollar be sent through it. Your name will be forwarded to us and you will receive twelve issues of the Magazine beginning with the one current when your name reaches the Magazine office.

ATTENTION, CHAPTER AND BRANCH OFFICIALS

The value of this Magazine to the Red Cross membership in keeping the members informed, interested and enthusiastic concerning Red Cross work is obvious. It is *your* magazine and is endeavoring to tell by pictures, stories and articles how your money is being spent and how your bandages and surgical dressings are stopping wounds and fighting death.

Annual members of the American Red Cross may become Magazine members and receive the RED CROSS MAGAZINE for one year by paying an additional dollar to their local Chapter or Branch within three months after the original dollar was paid.

May we suggest that you call this opportunity to the attention of your annual members if you have not already done so. The Superior, Wisconsin Chapter, for example, has inserted the following notice in a daily paper:

> **Red Cross Magazine for 1918**
>
> This splendid publication should be in every home. All members of the Red Cross are entitled to receive it for one year on payment of One Dollar ($1.00) in addition to their annual dues and presentation of their membership card at this office.
>
> AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Such a notice, together with a circular or personal canvass should produce excellent results. There ought to be one Magazine member in every family. If you will try to put one there, we will try to keep the whole family so interested that you will be able to get more work out of them.

CONCERNING DUPLICATE COPIES

There have been received at the office of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE hundreds of thousands of names of magazine members, and some people who have contributed $2.00 or more at various places are occasionally put on the list more than once. In this way they have received more than one copy of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE.

As fast as possible these duplicates have been removed from our stencils. We shall be grateful to any reader who will fill out the accompanying blank and return it to us, indicating where a duplicate copy has been sent. We are anxious that every magazine member of the Red Cross shall have and read the magazine and trust that it may keep them in touch with this great movement; but we do not wish to waste a single copy. We ask the coöperation of all the readers to eliminate all waste.

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, Garden City, New York.

I have received duplicate copies of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE addressed as follows, which you have my permission to take off the list:

_____

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